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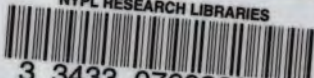
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ST. JONATHAN,

THE LAY OF A SCALD.

Yes, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by thy more modest name, for I
am one of those simple ones that will let the Devil himself with courtesy.—TWELFTH MONTH.

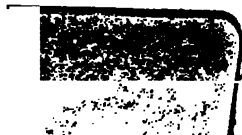


NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY WILEY & PUTNAM,
No. 161 Broadway.

(S. P. WRIGHT, PRINTER, CEDAR STREET.)

1838.



Coxe
NBHD



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ST. JONATHAN,

THE LAY OF A SCALD.

Fye thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by thy most modest terms,
for I am one of those gentle ones, who will use the devil himself, with
courtesy.—TWELFTH NIGHT.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY THOMAS J. CROWEN,
No. 567 Broadway.
1838.

not a dup
9/15



DEAN, PRINTER, 2 ANN STREET.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

TO

MY UNCLE SAMUEL.

To whom, my dear Uncle Sam, to whom could I so appropriately address a poem on a national subject, as to your venerated self? The manifest propriety—nay, the obvious duty of the measure—is such as to render all apology unnecessary. I waive therefore all explanation and formality; and simply, but respectfully beg leave to inscribe to you this *LAY OF ST. JONATHAN*, with the hope that you may find it in every way worthy of your acceptance and favor.

The flatteries which dedicators are accustomed to lavish upon their patrons, would be alike ill-adapted to your republican ears, and unworthy of my less flexible caprice. I spare you then the mortification of hearing yourself addressed in terms of extravagant compliment, and, according to the custom of our widely-extended family, I beg leave to demand an equivalent in return.

I need not remind you, that it is your nephew's lot to possess in no small degree, that hereditary modesty, which has ever been the distinguishing characteristic of our illustrious blood. Imagine then dear uncle, the shock which my pretensionless muse must experience, should she be

doomed to behold her humble production assigned to the elevated position in your library, to which you have heretofore exalted, my distinguished antecessors, the author of the Columbiad, and the no less immortal Cyclius of the Late War. I am well aware that your generous heart will prompt you thus to honor me ; but need I assure you that nothing would so much wound me as a distinction so utterly undeserved. The favor which I have to beg therefore, and which I hope you will in no wise attribute to what your old friends, the French, call *mauvaise honte*, is that you will by no means persist in ranking me with those twin ornaments of our Western Olympus, and that as I lay no claim to a participation in their laurels, I may at least be delivered from fellowship with their dust and cobwebs.

For my own part, I fully acknowledge the flimsy claim, which my production supports, to the title of Epic. In fact I had nearly taken for my motto, the preface which Goldsmith's cosmopolite tells of, as introducing one of my poetical predecessors, and which runs much in this strain : " This is a *rara avis* gentlemen ; a song of its own sort ; quite original ; there are none of your *Turnuses* or *Didos* in it—in fact it's altogether a new thing under the sun—so, please you—read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest." And now a word through you, dear uncle, to your numerous dependents, the public.

Be advised then, good messieurs, that the author of these stanzas has written with the truly patriotic desire of introducing to his countrymen, their patron saint ; who if he cuts no great figure in the first two cantos, will anon ap-

prove himself for as doughty a divinity, as either of the far-bruited Seven Champions of old; and in doing this I have surely supplied a *desideratum*, for which the only reward I claim, is, that ST. JONATHAN may be received with friendly greeting, and become popular with the people to whose interests he is devoted.

What the author has written, he has written with no desire of fame—with less expectation of profit. He has written *for the times*, with some hope of doing the times some service, in a style that he hates, and after a model as repugnant to the true spirit of Poetry, as is Harlequin to Melpomene, a Satyr to Hyperion, or Whistlecraft to all true wit, sublime thought, and beautiful expression. But in extenuation, he has written where it would be hard for the most imaginative to fancy a Parnassus—in New-York. To New-Yorkers, however, it should be no objection that the muse has made her puppet free by birth of their city, and if the bantling has caught the brogue of its birth-place, what else could be expected!

I have heard of enchanted cities, and of cities of enchanters; of towns into which all who entered were transformed, or else conformed to the most debasing usages; I have heard too of the cup of Circe, which turned all who drank thereof into beasts, and I have read the stories of those *genii* of old who enslaved men for their weary and unprofitable service, and yet so stupified them that they dreamed not they were captives. And all these I consider no longer as fables; I smile not over them as in youth, when I read them, and thought them all romance. Alas!

they are not fables but *parables*, and their moral is exhibited all around me. What is New-York but that enchanted city, where gain is their god—where men are cheated of long lives in weary slavery to lucre—where they die in the delusive dream that they have achieved the real good, and awake to the dread reality too late to amend it. To ourselves we may well apply what Dante says of his native city—not more bitterly than truly :

La gente nova, e i subiti guadagni
Orgoglio e dismisura han generata,
Firenza, in te, si che tu già ten piangi.

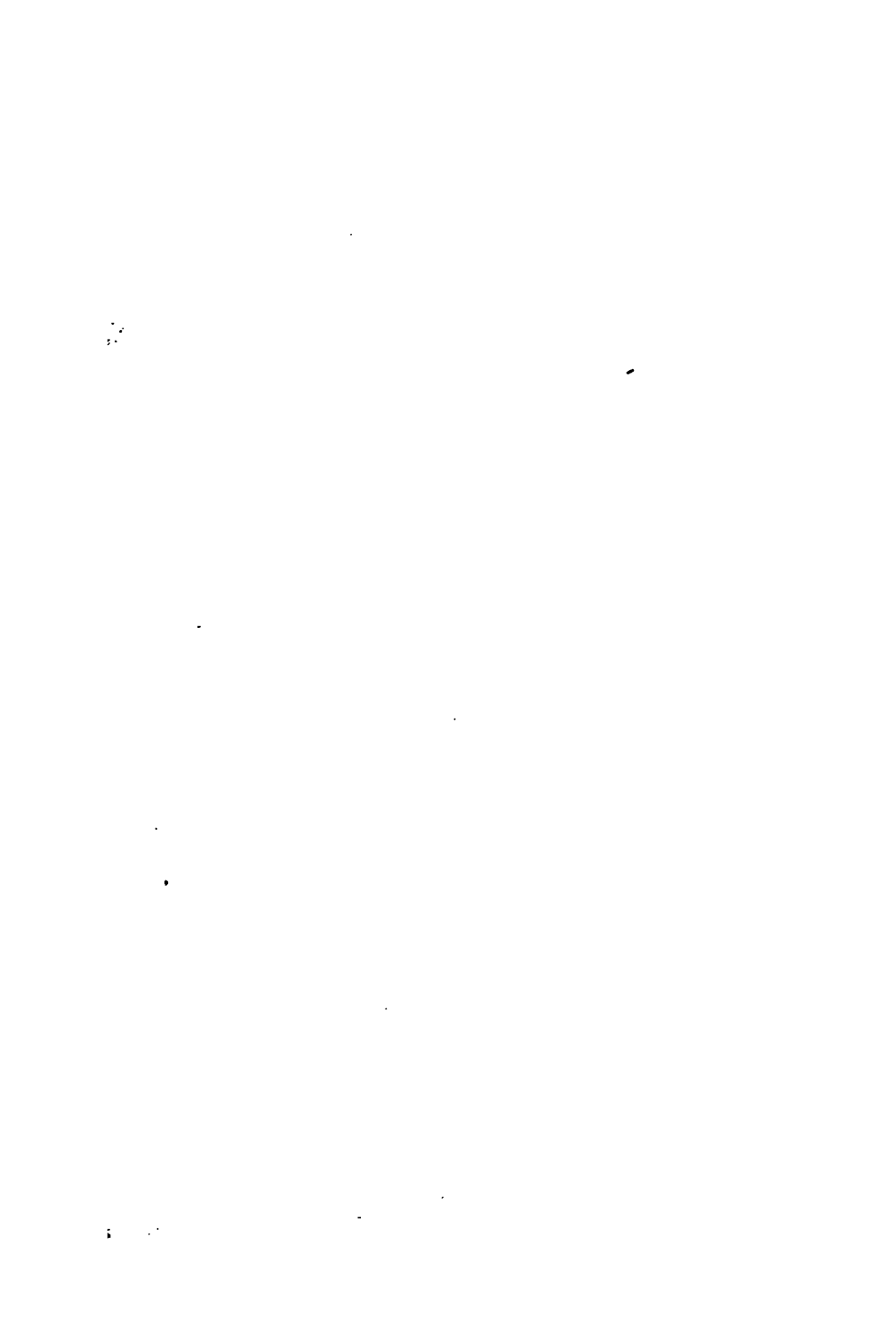
And with this I commend me to thee, my honored relative, and to my tender cousins, the public. In which latter I account myself wiser than those bards who rather appeal to their god-child Posterity ;—a *protégé* which, to judge from what I know of other god-children, will be apt to care very little for the gratuitous obligations of its sponsors, when once, in the words of the rubric, “it shall come to years of *discretion*.”

With all honor, &c.,

Your kinsman, A——.



CANTO I.



CANTO I.

Io vegno : guai a voi anime prave !—*Dante.*

I.

Most lands have patron saints. The ballad says
St. George for England fought, for France St. Dennis ;
St. Patrick lives in Erin's grateful lays ;
St. Andrew guardian of the Scotch men is ;
St. Judas aids the brokers now-a-days ;
St. Mark—all know—is tutelar of Venice :
While the Crout-land preserv'd in od'rous pickle, has
E'en yet, the memory of good St. Nicholas.¹

II.

St. Luke is saint of painters ; and King Harry
Shared with the cobblers good St. Crispin's care :
So Crispin had a double load to carry—
But I've a saint for my peculiar share :
For Mary, thou art mine—unless you marry—
Saint of the bright blue eye, and auburn hair !
And once thou wer't my muse : 'twas blest to write,
When smiles like thine inspired, thou dream of young
delight !

III.

But ah, 'tis gone—that day of sweet romance
 When scarce we felt us in an evil world !
 And tho' thou still art lovely—tho' thy glance
 Is witchery yet, and thy bright locks are curled
 O'er the same brow of beauty—ah! the trance
 That vision'd thee, is vanish'd. I am hurled
 Back from the fairy heights we haunted then ;
 I awake, and thou art gone—and I'm with business men.

IV.

A city hums around me. Rings the bell
 Of the town dust-man, and the huckster cries :
 And one screams charcoal ; others raise the yell
 Of fire-fire-fire : The rattling engine flies ;
 And one has fish, and one has flesh to sell,
 And there his art the music-grinder plies :
 Boy's gather'd round impede the hast'ning cit,
 Who swears—while they laugh on, throw stones at him, and
 hit.

V.

There rolls the chariot of my lord—no, no!—²
 Of Mr. Peddle the Pawnbroker, one
 That yesterday was bankrupt. Swift they go
 Like nabobs of long line, and flash the sun
 From their plebian spokes, a shining show—
 As if the liv'ried twain high perched upon
 The crest-emblazon'd box—an humble pair,
 Were not in ev'ry sense the highest there.

VI.

And mistress Dimity comes footing slow
 Thro' deep mud-puddles, in a satin shoe,
 She looks much like a walking raree-show,
 First advertiser of the fashions new.
 Jack Bookworm passes—but she does not know
 That ill-dress'd man: but "dear sir, how d'ye do"
 She whispers to the thing that follows next,
 With fierce moustaches on, to prove he's not unsex'd.

VII.

There's Mr. Shave the broker; and there goes
 A man who's gain'd some little notoriety
 By his five failures. There's Don Timbertoes,
 A famous friend of trade, and punch and piety;
 And many more, whom not e'en Musa knows;
 The muse perhaps, is not in "good society."
 I ride not in my coach; but never mind!
 My grandsire did, when their's got up behind.

VIII.

And such the animals I'm thrown among,
 I find less food for poetry than pity,
 And so I keep my rooms, and hold my tongue;
 And when, as now, I chanced to rhyme a dity,
 I still am writing prose. My harp unstrung
 Hangs on the willows. When I leave the city,
 Perchance I'll take it down, and play again;
 But here I *write*—not *sing*. I live mid business men.

IX.

And therefore I eschew thee, pretty muse!
 And here I'm scribbling on without invoking
 A single sip of those Castalian dews,
 In which most bards give every word a soaking.
 That too, when Dante-like, I mean to choose
 My pathway near where Satan's realm is smoking;
 For there my hero goes, as Milton's once did:
 So did Æneas, and so many a dunce did.

X.

But I'm to go with none to guide, it seems,
 Whereas Æneas had the sybil, and
 A golden bough to bear him o'er the streams:
 Dante had Virgil's help I understand;
 Milton was ferried to the land of dreams
 By one Urania; Byron, by a band
 Of brother fiends, who said 'twas clearly proven,
 His foot was clubbed, not half so much as cloven.

XI.

So he went in *de jure*. Baron Byron
 Was peer of Sathan's realm, as well as George's:
 Half man, half beast—like the old centaur Chiron;
 And like Prometheus, since from Hell's hot forges
 He stole the flames; and gazed th' infernal fire on
 With eye as naked, as his pretty gorge is—
 Thence bringing up all things that in the gulf are,
 Apples — of Sodom, and fair flowers — of sulphur.

XII.

Chantre d'Enfer, the poet named him well !
 Rousseau sent back reviving earth to blight !
 He came—and dazzled little eyes a spell,
 “The comet of a season.” Now the night
 Hath closed on the poor laureate of hell,
 And thou art—where thy dupes may share thy plight ;
 Where new Fransecas in the dire abyss, say
 “*Galeotto fu il libro e che lo scrisse.*”

XIII.

Words, which the modest muse had rather not
 “Do into English,” since it might offend
 Some ear as chaste as hers. And, by good lot,
 Taking down Byron’s works—which I will lend
 To those who can’t believe it—I have got
 A decent rendering ; which my learned friend
 Seems to have made on purpose. So I quote
 “Accursed be the book, and he that wrote !”³

XIV.

Now is not this quite pat ! I beg you, find it ;
 In the original ’tis very fine ;
 Old Dante’s song—or as himself design’d it,
 His old *Commedia*—well named divine—
 Hath many an equal—ay, unless your blinded—
 Hath many a sweeter, many a nobler line.
 That blest old bard ! How holy seems his name !
 Hallowed e’en now, by centuries of fame !

XV.

However, this is nothing to my story,
Or rather to my preface. I was saying
That I'm about to seek the path of glory,
According to the public taste, by straying
To their old favorite Styx : And there the hoary
Pilot, must take me over without paying,
Since should he prove at all disposed to trouble us,
He'd get a thrashing, but he'd get no obolus.

XVI.

Especially as I'm a living passenger,
And when I'm back, will trouble him no more :
So I'll approach with, since you have unfasten'd your
Good little ferry-boat for yonder shore,
I'll e'en step in. Good Charon, tell me, has'nt your
Custom increased of late ? Turn out your prore,
Come, no delay—no words you dog, for marry !
Your present ghost is load enough to carry.

XVII.

Then off on the scorch'd wave ; where I would pause
And tremble e'en at fiction ; lest the dream—
'The spell, that Fancy o'er my vision draws,
Should be like dreams prophetic. It may seem
No trifle yet, for aye the horrid jaws
Of hungry death are open, and the scream
Of scorners rises—leaping in the dark,
Where yawns th' insatiate throat of that unglutted shark.

XVIII.

It is no trifling theme. Sweet Heaven forgive
 The poet if he trifles ; and dispel
 Whate'er of doubt that dread alternative,
 Must else dispel in others ! If I tell
 The hellish arts by which too many live,
 Alas my epic hath its share of hell :
 Which critics say, in every epopée
 Must figure, by the rules of prosody !

XIX.

I wonder who was this law's lawgiver—
 It was no Solon surely. Why machinery
 And stories dread enough to make one shiver,
 Are necessaries in the epic scenery :
 Or why the passage of th' infernal river
 Is always foisted in, no reason plenary
 Has ever been assigned ; though critics urge ill,
 A stop-mouth argument—the plan of Virgil.

XX.

I own no rules, and have no muse auxiliar ;
 " But Mr. Poet," so Urania chides,
 " You'd better ask my aid now, just to fill your
 Bright urn Parnassian, from Castalian tides.
 Your pen wants mending ; have a care—you'll spill your
 Ink from the silver standish there, besides ;
 How clumsy men are ! Pshaw, there goes your paper !
 You cannot do without me ! what a caper !"

XXI.

"What funny things you bachelors would be,
 If it were not for women. Come now, ask me ?
 You know you want my help : and there, there see,
 Your blushing ! Look ! *ma foi* ! you fear 'twill task me ;
 But 'twont ! I love to smile ! I'll be to thee
 Clio or Clare : whate'er you choose to mask me."
 Be silent then !—nay, pardon, Miss Urania !
 Just steady me thro' this poetic mania !

XXII.

That is, sing muse, the saint of Yankee land,
 For sure such saint was never sung of yore,
 Nor did thy harp, in Homer's holier hand,
 To nobler numbers wake and warm of yore !
 Come madam Muse, and fill my old inkstand,
 —I drop the metaphor for 'tis a bore—
 And while along the Pegasean road
 My pen jogs on, guard me from episode !

XXIII.

I write not now for glory ; but for once
 I write for frolic—fun is my delight ;
 And yet I write for usefulness. There runs
 An undertide in all that I indite.
 Look deep, look sharp ; and oh my gentle ones,
 I mean your critics—in my epic flight,
 Mark me, I leave you grov'ling far behind ;
 Mosquitoes that ye be, and maggots of the mind.⁴

XXIV.

For ye, at least, are not what such should be
 Where in new worlds the muse would fix her reign ;
 Where rise the fresh young glories of the free—
 Where Earth's last hope, is yet a wild domain.
 To you 'tis given—alas ! to such as ye !
 To break the virgin soil, to plough the plain,
 To plant tall pillars, like Abyla's strong,
 Piling great towers of art, and pyramids of song.

XXV.

Where had the critic e'er a nobler field ?
 Where such high hope !—To be a nations sire
 In all its holier glory, and to yield
 Empires to art—to light young genius' fire,
 And warm to flame the sparks of worth conceal'd.
 Oh, rise some greater Cosmo, from the mire—
 The marsh commercial, where all genius now
 Is stagnant, or but shines with jack-o-lantern glow !

XXVI.

Begone ye Masorites !⁵ and oh, appear
 Some Mars-Hill senate of the world of wit !
 An Areopagus should sentence here,
 And damn to Lethe, or to Fame admit.
 But whence are ye, and what !—Who waits with fear
 Your verdict, as with Midas ears ye sit,
 Van Twillers on the bench, with Jeffrey's jibes,
 And true Baconians—only as to bribes !

XXVII.

Here should ye sit like Hell's stern-fronted three ;
 With voice like Delphi's never heard in vain ;
 Here should ye rear a Dorian race ; and be
 Like Rome's she-wolf that nursed the hero-twain !
 Here — anything on earth, but what to me
 Ye seem at present !—Things of school-boy grain
 Dressed up like sages, aping wit and witticism,
 Instead of acting this she-wolf of criticism.

XXVIII.

Of course I make exceptions : First, in favor
 Of my pet magazine the Knickerbocker,
 Who wants to get my portrait for th' engraver :—
 Ditto of Ammon : and I'm sure no shock or
 Insult, is intended to the shaver⁶
 That pounced on Martineau, and did unfrock her,
 Gaining a loss ; since petticoats in trophy,
 Are for a man a *non-suit*, and so *no fee*.

XXIX.

I leave out too, from this my sweeping censure
 The Literary Theologic mole,⁷
 Since mutual friends have bound me by indenture
 Not to disturb the blind-mouse in his hole.
 As for the Quarterly⁸ before its bench, or
 At its bar, should I be placed—poor soul !
 I'm lost, since tho' acquitted, I'm in short
 Still fineable for a contempt of court.

XXX.

Ditto of all Reviews : except again

My tender cousin of the New Church Journal.

I'm quite in love with that Reviewer's pen,

Especially since he exposed to view, th' infernal
Habits and lives of those most heathen men.

Tom Jefferson and Burr. There's a sweet kernal
In those harsh nutshells, and I therefore jocose-
ly recommend them to the Loco Focos.⁹

XXXI.

This journal is moreover my delight

For its old Fed'ral faith, and staunch regard
For the good morals, which seem taking flight

From the worn world, where they have fared but hard.
Our fathers would have lov'd it ;—(if I'm right)

Our foes don't know their fathers, but the bard
Inherits this from his great grandsire's sire ;
No democrat I'm sure can travel higher.

XXXII.

Besides, it is a mighty moral engine,

To crush all moral monsters, such as these,
Moral-reform, prayer-meetings,—which are stench in

The nostrils of all gentry ; if you please,
'Twill crush whatever hydras you may mention,

Except — those little, trivial mites in cheese,
Domestic slavery, and the lynching rope—
Which can't be seen, save with the microscope.

XXXIII.

And yet two million slaves have made a spot
 On our fair fame, and mobs are now so rife
 'Tis bloodstain'd also. I should think 'twas not
 Quite so invisible! Your Bowie knife
 Has made us too, a bye-word and a blot—
 A crimson'd land where law protects not life,
 As Byron said of Lisbon. This has grown
 From its kind parent, Colonel Rottenstone.

XXXIV.

And Lovejoy's blood is smoking on the ground,¹⁰
 And those swart ghosts are hov'ring in the air¹¹
 To curse it and to blast, who lately found
 Freedom's own soil, a worse than Smithfield fair.
 Americans burn men. To faggots bound
 They die for being what our fathers were.
 The Indians too! But other hands must dress up
 That pink of martial glory, General Jessup.

XXXV.

Is Osceola dead? "Ay, dead and damn'd"
 Say his brave captors. They are damned too
 To an eternal Fame, and shall be cramm'd
 With the full surfeit of their own ragout.
 Yet are there who applaud it! "He was shamm'd
 Say some," by a slight ruse that well may do
 In savage warfare—Out! let Heav'n not hear
 This curst palaver! 'Twould make devils sneer.

XXXVI.

I saw the noble savage yester-eve
Breathing on canvass ; ¹² for he breathes no more
'Mid his red braves, where the wild war-cry cleaves
The pestilential air, and cannons roar.
He seem'd to weep ; the prison'd eagle grieves,
And the chain'd Indian. But his fight is o'er.
Soft sleep the hero's ashes, for his days
Were few and evil, burnt by their own blaze !

XXXVII.

Alas ! it was not given him to die
Where warriors should, on the well-foughten field ;
Nor Yet where Christian hand might close his eye, ¹³
And write faith's signet on his shatter'd shield.
Weep oh, my country, not for him, but ay
For thy sad self ; lest a just God should wield
Some stronger sword against thee. Thou should'st fear !
—But I must back to my Reviewer here.

XXXVIII.

Whom I moreover laud, for his bold daring
In showing love for—that which I love too,
But will not name, because 'twould be declaring
Something that might arouse a great ado
In a republic, and set mobs a-tearing
The office down. And now I've travell'd thro'
Its merits, and my favorite is dismiss'd
With, please put me on your subscription list.

XXXIX.

Now all the rest I fire at in a corps,
 Save magazines with ladies at their head,
 Which are of course not aimed at. This back door
 Is left for my escape : and as I dread
 Above all things an intellectual score
 Of females roused against me ; here 'tis said
 Once and for all, I love them, tho' I laughed
 Just now at Rediviva Woolstonecraft.

XL.

And here's my code ! ye women all attend !
 Women are cherubim, and "in their sphere"
 They move like music. When they would ascend
 They fall—like parachutes : My meaning's clear !
 A wife is a boy's mistress, a man's friend,
 An old man's angel, and their lot is here.
 Let them adorn it—raise it ! Once I knew
 A maid, that was a boy's good angel too.

XLI.

So too th' Apostle speaks, and deems it shame
 For female heads to be unveil'd. What then
 Had been his sentence 'gainst the modest dame,
 Who strips her mind for all the world of men
 To stare and gape at ! Women fond of fame
 Make bare their thoughts unblushingly, e'en when
 They blame the kindred efforts of Celeste,
 Whose pirouettes leave little to be guess'd.

XLII.

And these my sober statutes, well agree
With his devotion at the female shrine
Who bows alone to sun-clad chastity,
And shuns the walks from virtue that incline.
Nor will they bring one Beauty's frown on me
Whose smile I'd prize. I call a mother mine,
And some fair sisters, and a lovely dozen,
Who claim the roguish poet for their cousin.

XLIII.

Once more the Reviews. Each stupid thing
That Carey, Carvills, Harpers, lavish forth
Ye praise and puff; but other numbers sing
Whene'er they tempt you with a work of worth;
Fools with new mortar daubing—but ye fling
Your mud and muck when Cooper has a birth.
Cooper—whose country pays him in such mood,
The stench of a republic's gratitude.¹⁴

XLIV.

Straining forever for a great man, yet
Ye lash the only great man ye have got!
And fuming forth whole tunes of silly fret
When fat John Bull reviles one bardless lot,
One greatest author ye like fools forget,
And name each driv'ling sonneteer, a Scott:
Holding up, 'gainst their blushes, Drakes and Bryants—
True bards perhaps—but pigmies are not giants!

XLV.

And Irving went to England for his fame,
 The English say,—Irving!—in school-boy days,
 That great, revered, Colossus of a name—
 Columbia's Phospher, star of earliest rays.
 Oh if 'twere so, it were a greivous shame ;
 For, what delights sweet memory thro' the haze
 Of days gone by, doth bring me—since I read,
 THE BROKEN HEART and wept, or laughed at BROM BONE'S
 HEAD.

XLVI.

Dwell there in thy sweet cottage by Cronest
 Thou joy to me of many a midnight hour !
 There, where Dolph's voice disturb'd the sprites at rest,
 And scared the eaglet from his craggy tower.
 Soft glides his daring shallop, Hudson's breast
 Glassing his sails, till now the black clouds lower,
 And Dunderberg with the red lightnings glows
 That flash in Byron's verse, and roar in Irving's prose.¹⁵

XLVII.

And Hillhouse with the great unlaurell'd shines ;
 And Drake has bought his laurels but with death ;
 Sweet bard, for whom the statelier Halleck twines
 So green a wreath : Green be it, as he saith
 Bryant, the twilight's bard ;—but from the mines
 Of his rich soul, how little cometh ! Faith,
 I will not praise thee, Bryant. I must urge
 The spur on thee, for thou deserv'st the scourge.

XLVIII.

I've not forgotten Hillhouse. He's my bard !
 His lays are Grecian temples to the sight ;
 All stern, majestic beauty, strong and hard,
 Unpainted and untinsell'd—all pure white ;
 Towering in queen-like symmetry unmarr'd—
 Like a tall fane or some old Dorian height.
 But ah ! a building now that would be praised,
 Must brick-and-mortar be, with Yankee barrier raised.¹⁶

XLIX.

And Hillhouse, with his works, is—who knows where ?
 There are, who prize him, tho' reviewers don't ;¹⁷
 But here is Halleck with his little ware,
 Whom I too praise. But stop ! I think I wont !
 To copy his own style I'm sure is fair—
 Though it is fair by no means ; for his front
 Or, rather, his foundation, tho' so solid
 Is always finished off with something squalid.

L.

Vide his Alnwick Castle. Like himself
 All bright pure poetry for its beginning ;
 Lordly as Percy or the house of Guelph,
 In its first stanzas : but the style keeps thinning,
 And then come stars, like candles on a shelf
 Ranged in a shining row : then what a grinning !
 Red-herrings, petticoats, and cotton-bales,
 Finish this grand *pasha* ! of many tails !

LI.

Southey is laureate of England's queen,
 And Halleck of one sovereign people ditto :
 But how ! what makes his volume then so lean !
 Show me his works ! what, not this little bit o'
 Nothing, bound up good cotton-cloth between !
 Are these his works ! Macdonnel and Colkitto !
 When our good laureate resteth from his labors,
 His works will follow him—but not his neighbors.

LII.

Yet he's a poet, and by some mistake
 The mob, and critics praise a worthy man,
 All I insist is, that too much they make
 Of one, whose powder flashes in the pan.
 His works are but a prelude. Why forsake
 Good Halleck, what you erst so well began,
 Like the St. Esprit porch, your small book won't do,
 Fine front indeed,—but what is it the front to ?¹⁸

LIII.

But hold ! you say, for our lov'd country's name !
 What ! should we grant we have no poets, sir !
 And set John Bull a lurking into shame !
 Ay, grant it since it is so. Stocks, and fur,
 And cotton-trading stifles love for fame
 In our young bards. The muse lets none of her
 True sons be lost, nor places her best boast,
 Over a ledger, or the Evening Post.

LIV.

Say Halleck wrote that glorious burst—Bozzaris ;
Say Bryant trolled that song of Marion's men :
Say Drake hath warbled well of ouphes and fairies,
And that all these are poets ! so—what then !
Drake's dead, and well his shade deserves to wear his
Light crown of laurel ; but good Halleck, when
Will you and Bryant pay us back in song,
The over-plus of fame, advanced so long.

LV.

Shame on your silent harps ! shall some good tropes,
Save all your trash, like flies in amber cased !
Stop, this is harsh ! Ye are kaleidoscopes,
And beautiful ye look however placed.
Each shifting doth of beauties give new hopes,
How bright, how soft, how beautiful, how chaste !
Shapes exquisite indeed, but all of them,
Made by a few stain'd pebbles, and a gem.

LVI.

Ay stop ! all this is not my purpose now !
I've made this long beginning unawares.
Why here are fifty stanzas ! Marry ! how
Did I do this ! Why really, this scares
My courage ! Here's another too, I trow,
Made by my wond'ring. So it even fares,
When once one doth begin to turn astray,
'Tis ten to one, he's lost the better way.

LVII.

Then, to return, I'll call these trophes a preface ;
 And thus with my apology I'll end :
 I'm well aware that oft the public deaf is
 To poems long : In short then, I intend
 To sing awhile. My song in *alto clef* is,
 I'll not obliterate, alliterate, nor spend
 My ink in oaths, or rhymes that roll the futile R.¹⁹
 —I said that every land should have a tutelar.

LVIII.

But, wo for us ! Americans as yet
 Know not th' exalted hand that doth uphold,
 And did create our state, pay off our debt,
 And change our paper currency for gold.
 Some swear it was St. Jackson ; I forget
 Whether St. Benton, has been yet enrolled ;
 There are who yield the praise of Benton's sham money
 Exclusively to his old friend St. Tammany.

LIX.

And Erin's children swear a little paint,
 And christian cross upon his forehead written,
 Would make this Tammany as good a saint,
 As the wild, rampant, dragon-slaying Briton,
 In fact like their own Patrick. 'Tis a faint
 Resemblance truly, for when they were bitten,
 St. Patrick clear'd the vipers by his sermon,
 While Tammany has filled our land with vermin.

LX.

The Dutch who builded Gotham even thought
 St. Nicholas was guardian of our city :
 And by Dutch logic, some from this have brought
 The nation under him—the more's the pity !
 Thus, he rules us, and we rule—or we ought—
 The other states : 'tis plain then by my ditty,
 That he rules all the nation ! So at random,
 St. Nick's our saint, *Quod Erat Demonstrandum*.

LXI.

I say *at random*, for this candidate
 Guards not our land, nor lives in it at all ;
 For tho' the pious Dutch who form'd our State
 Built him a church, and offered him a call,
 I've heard it said—for so old crones relate—
 He never came. . He fear'd an ocean squall,
 And living snug at home on crout and ham,
 Refused his realms in wild Niew Amsterdam.

LXII.

However, as he sent a substitute,
 We're on the track of finding out our patron,
 Historians on this head, I know, are mute,
 And would to Lethe, let this fact, and that run ;
 I say this fact, that sprung from some good root,
 St. Nich'las chose one Katrine, for a matron
 To all the Dutch, and for a wife to him.
 A goodly stock she was, yet never bore a limb.

LXIII.

But this, Katrina did. She fill'd his pipe,
 As Hebe doth for Jove; and kept a lad
 Who seemed the very devil's archetype!
 Yet by his aid, his testy master had
 Nothing to do, but sleep, and live on tripe;
 While Holland still grew rich, as well as bad,
 Giving him praise for all his servant wrought,
 Which was quite *comme il faut*, St. Nicholas tho't.

LXIV.

I do not mean to say he thought in French,
 For this would not be quite in taste for Dutchmen;
 But that is what he thought, and I won't wrench
 His tho'ts for any; least of all for such men
 As speak that uncouth brogue. St. Nick's good wench,
 I mean goot vrow, kept as I said a Teutschman,
 For house-work and *et ceteras*; while her lord
 For *public* service gave him bed and board.

LXV.

But Holland now had grown so very wealthy
 That Mammon. So the servant stiled himself—
 Began to claim some praise, and soon by stealth, he
 Became high-steward of his master's pelf.
 And Nick began to wane, while young and healthy,
 The Dutch preferred to him this rascal elf.
 They praised the saints no more, but praising elves,
 Was very good; 'twas worshipping themselves.

LXVI.

So he grew great, and Nicholas grew jealous,
“ Tho’ Mammon made my people rich, ’tis true,”
He said one day, “ while I was only zealous
Of being rich myself—he was so too.”
(And here the saint puffed very like a bellows)
“ And nothing made him these great things to do,
Save the base hope of gaining all at last,
And so in future paying for the past.”

LXVII.

“ But be this as it may ; Mammon is young
And active too, while I am fat and lazy ;
He’ll oust me soon !—The villain shall be hung !”
So swore he then, and after many days, he
Told his sweet spouse. This set on fire her tongue,
And prettily she called him *blind* and *crazy*.
But this availed not : so her next oration,
Begged him to change the rope for transportation.

LXVIII.

So matters hung,—not Mammon ; when one time
As Nicholas did eat his usual fare,
He stopped quite short, and with a squint sublime,
Cried “ blixen Katrine ! for I smell a prayer,”
And so he did, (would I could smell a rhyme !)
For a blue smoke came sailing thro’ the air,
“ Quite an unusual thing, my dear,” said she :
“ Yaw, yaw, since Mammon superceded me !”

LXIX.

He had not heard, nor seen a prayer, so long,

At first he scarcely could make out to read it.

'Tis sure of raw tobacco ! 'tis so strong !

Vile incense this ! I think I will not heed it !

But here comes more too ! Dunder ! what a throng

Of Dutchmen must be praying ! did I heed it

'Twould all be well—but look, the western gale
Is full of whiffs ! From Newfoundland they sail."

LXX.

"Nay, nay, I smell it out," the dame outspoke ;

"Those Hudsonites are sending you petitions

To be their saint ; and blixen ! why, they smoke

Very like Christians ! If they're good conditions

I hope you'll take them, for our league is broke

With Dutchmen here. I'm fond of foreign missions ;

Do think of this !" The dame spoke true enough

The colonists so prayed, and smoked their wretched stuff.

LXXI.

Nich'las vouchsafed no answer. For a year

He smoked his pipe considering : Another

He smoked and doubted : Then 'twixt doubts and fear,

Another passed. He smoked enough to smother

John Bull ten times, but then he drank no beer :

And so at last, 'twixt this thing, that and t'other,

The plan was smoked to ashes. What a pack o'

Fools they were for wasting their tobacco !

LXXII.

He said he liked old Amsterdam, much better,
And his sweet vrow was fond of it as he!
And were she not, he swore he'd never let her
Think such a thing, as crossing of the sea;
But as she lov'd the Dutch, she oft would fret her
Liver most sadly, lest the Dutch should be
Cut off, in Indian lands, by those red savages
That spare nor age, nor sex, nor creed, nor cabbages.

LXXIII.

Meantime the plodding Dutch upon the side
Of the big water, went on gloriously;
Built smart brick houses, married, multiplied
Their children and their money; and while he,
The saint—was smoking, doubting, o'er the tide,
They took his answer in prosperity,
“And sure,” they said, “St. Nicholas doth caress us
When thus our ships with gold, our wives with children
bless us!

LXXIV.

And taking it for granted, till this day—,
The saint is honored as our city's friend:
His are our rising glories, and they say
His, the proud navies that our merchants send,
A thousand sail, from out yon calm, clear bay:
To trade to Britain, China, the world's end,
And home, to bring sweet spices; as of yore
Those Jacks of Tyre, rich loads to Salem bore.

LXXV.

Ay, Nich'las is our saint, and these are his !
 Go plant you on the Batt'ry some fair eve,
 When sunset's glory o'er the waters is,
 And mark your graceful vessel taking leave.
 She drops adown the narrows, and I wis
 Yon sole surviving Dutchman, that doth grieve
 O'er her that leaves him, as the smoke doth curl
 From his stump pipe, says " Claus²⁰ protect thee girl."

LXXVI.

Yes, he protects our ships, and 'neath his wing
 They fly to India, Chili, and the Poles :
 From Britain they our books and breeches bring,
 From Britain too, some Trollopes, and some Coals ;
 From Asia, sweatmeats, tea, and everything,
 From Africa,—shame on us !—*living souls* !
 Stories from Spain of Carlos, and from France²¹
 Apes, peacocks, *parlezvous*, new-fashions, and a dance.

LXXVII.

All this they do, and all this, as they think
 Is done with Nicholas for their protection !
 But hark ye ! I have dipped my pen in ink
 On purpose friends, to make a slight correction :
 St. Nich'las never came. I do not shrink
 In this my statement from minute inspection,
 But bold assent, *you'll find if you examine his*
Credentials, that our saint, St. Mammon is !²²

LXXVIII.

St. Mammon, ay, 'tis Mammon makes our nobles
 And gives them handsome houses in Broadway :
 St. Mammon 'tis that takes us out of troubles,
 When Benton drags us into them, I say ;
 Saint Mammon 'tis that multiplies and doubles
 The paper-cash in Wall-street ev'ry day.
 St. Mammon 'tis that educates our youth,
 Making them rich, gay, vain, ay vagabonds in sooth.

LXXIX.

St. Mammon 'tis, that makes our flag respected !
 How gloriously the red-streak'd banner waves !
 St. Mammon 'tis, that gets our chief elected ;
 St. Mammon 'tis, our revenue that saves.
 St. Mammon 'tis, that gets the prayer rejected,
 Of those who love not Mammon's love for slaves.
 Ay, 'tis St. Mammon, by another name,
 Saint of the red-streak'd flag ; and thus it came.

LXXX.

Nay hold ! 'Tis time to stop ! one canto's done !
 And I must end or ever I was 'ware :
 So flies our life too ! Scarce is it begun
 When we begin to end. We take our share
 Of the good things of earth, and leave—a son,
 To take his too. And we are off—but where !
 Ah, that's a question which — hath nought to do
 With this my lay, but chance has much with you.

LXXXI.

Perhaps you can't as yet, discover how
 My title is connected with my ranan,
 But that's in store, and ere my final bow,
 'Twill all come out. So let each lovely woman,
 Bridle her darling vice a little now,
 And wait awhile : for I intend that no man,
 Or maid shall fancy half the thousand crimes
 To come—like fiends let loose from Southey's tomb-stone
 rhymes.

LXXXII.

I have a song in store, before I close
 Of a young damsel, and her gallant lover,
 The first with long dark lashes, I suppose
 And a full bust, o'er which light ringlets hover ;
 And pearly teeth—her story full of woes
 And he the cause. I shall not try to cover
 His guilty character with gilt however,
 As Bulwer does, whose stuff is somewhat clever.

LXXXIII.

The bard hath sung in anger not,—but sorrow !
 And well-away ! Here endeth the first book ;
 Which saith the printer, you will buy, not borrow,
 If in the story you would further look ;
 'Tis all the same to me, my friends ! Good morrow !
 'Twill suit the public, or the pastry-cook :
 And I'll receive its worth in fame—or jelly ;
 From you, or else, in cream-tarts, from Guerelli.

LXXXIV.

And by the way, since public taste so nice is
 I recommend you to his shop messieurs ;
 Where you will find soufflets, and water-ices,
 Blanc-mange, and truffles, and the best liqueurs :
 All cheap, unless this puff should raise his prices ;
 He's patronized by dames, fops, bores and boors,
 And eke by me, for there I often lose a
 Dime, since "*Sine Baccho friget musa.*"

LXXXV.

Which when interpreted for the sweet ladies
 Means that without tobacco Musa shivers,
 (Proof that the Muse a very filthy jade is,
 And should not come 'mongst fashionable livers ;)
 However, as you choose ! The bard had paid his
 Compliments, but like most Indian-givers
 Recall'd them for a moment, just to show his
 Love for the public taste, to which the muse no foe is.

LXXXVI.

Now then, go forth my book, as some one sings²³
 No image of thy father, though his heir :
 Away thou wanderest like the sire of kings
 That straying went in faith, he knew not where ;
 Oh would my hand might sound some worthier strings !—
 But whipcords now, are all the age can bear,
 So lash away—lay on, lay on Macduff !
 And hang'd be he that takes my rhymes in snuff.

LXXXVII.

Ay crack away ! Since so stern fate betides ;
Since the sweet harp that charm'd e'en stones of yore,
And tam'd the hearts of savage beasts besides,
Hath for this blockhead age no glory more—
Hid let it lie 'neath bales and Spanish-hides,
The lumber of some cobber-chandler's store :
Farewell old harp ! Farewell thy strings, but hold,—
They'll hoard thee well I'm sure ;—thy strings are *gold* !!!

LXXXVIII.

Thy strings are gold : but they that sway them well,
See gold but there alone. The poet's story
Is this in brief, born, nousled, doth excel,
Prints—fails, prints, prints—and gaineth glory ;
But gains not money—starveth—and they tell
How great a minstrel died. The bard before ye,
Cares not for gold, so makes his canto scanty,
According to his model—glorious Danté.

NOTES.



NOTES.

I.

ST. I. 7.] *While the Crout-land preserved, &c.*

I say the crout-land by way of eminence; though Russia claimeth him as well; and so also do those antipodes of society—mariners and virgins.

The various accounts of his Saintship, given with signal regard to truth by the Low Dutch Historians;—how he fasted even in infancy, refusing mother's milk during the whole of Lent; how he distinguished his boyhood by the miraculous "Tale of a Tub;" and how he still continueth to fill children's stockings with *bon-bons* of a winter's night;—are all no doubt very much to the Saint's credit, but might prove tedious in these notes.

II.

ST. V. 1.] *There rolls the chariot, &c.*

In these stanzas, the Scald meaneth no one in particular, and he desires to let this fact be distinctly understood; as he is well aware that there are hundreds who might make it a personal affair with much plausible pretext of grievance.

III.

ST. XIII. 8.] *"Accursed be the book, &c."*

See a miserably pedantic translation of Fransesca's story, by Lord Byron published with his works in Murray's late editions. For the sake of showing his acquaintance with one or two of the thousand editions of the *Divina Commedia* extant, his Lordship has disfigured his page with both readings—one perched upon another, in about as fair proportion as his attempts in philosophy, bore to his success in poetry. A characteristic note is annexed; to which the reader is referred, if he would read the noble lord's worst libeller—himself.

In what I have said of the "great heir of fame"—I desire to detract noth-

ing from the glory the worthy have yielded him, as well as the rabble. The man who questions Lord Byron's greatness betrays his own littleness, but equally little is the admirer of his genius, who doats on him as he would on his lady-love, and cannot discover his deformities, nor observe what a pigmy philosopher, was this Colossus of poetry. Intellectually—what was he? If reason—sound metaphysics—a soul above the world—and a heart undefiled by its vices—are marks of the higher order of mind, he certainly had *not* these. If vivid, and sometimes sublime imagination—quick perception, and intense feeling and passion—are the attributes of greatness—he unquestionably possessed them. But the truly great man combineth both these sets of qualities in himself! Milton—Dante—were great men, and they were poets, because the intellect becomes necessarily poetical, as it advances to perfection. Byron was a great *poet* alone: In argument he was weak and sophistical: in morals—corrupt: in philosophy—contemptible: in religion—most pitiable.

No one should hesitate to speak freely of him. He himself spoke *carelessly* of such giant minds as Shakspeare and Milton; he scrupled not to ridicule, that model of all that is morally beautiful, our blessed Saviour; he recked not the tears of the man of sorrows; he trifled (how could a poet do so!) with the sublime and awful name of DEITY itself. He was not an infidel—for he believed, and trembled: but his writings are the most heathen that a christian with baptismal water on his forehead, ever added his name unto. For all that savors of redemption in them, they might have been trolled by a bacchanal of old, or rhapsodized by a priestess, of Cyprian Venus. Lannartine called him the *Chantre d'Enfer*, and made him angry while alive. I have not scrupled to repeat it after he is dead—because it is true. The sacred laurels of the English poet fathers protected them not a whit, from his insults: why should his own save him from just criticism? Particularly as the latter seem given only in fulfillment of the words of scripture, "*vidi impium superexaltatum et elevatum sicut cedros Libani*"—which the Prior of Jorvaulx might translate. "I have seen the wicked flourish like a green bay-tree."

IV.

St. XXIII. 8.] *Maggots of the Mind.*

Very ugly words!—but suggested by the beautiful "Mecca's" of the same proprietor, which figure in Halleck's Elegy on Burns.

V.

St. XXVI. 1.] *Away ye Masorites, &c.*

These masorites, according to Dean Prideaux, would have been admirably qualified to edit one of our modern reviews: for, that reverend histori-

an tells us, that they were an infinitely contemptible race, dealing in minute investigations, and marvellously acute as to spelling and parsing: which in our land and day, might be made to serve the critic, or the country school-master.

VI.

ST. XXVIII. 5.] *The Shaver that pounced, &c.*

Like the artist who was in the habit of illustrating his works with "*this is the man*," "*this is the dog*," I must profess that this hath reference to that old Trojan horse, the North American, which lately let out a warrior against that petticoated opprobrium of errantry, the authoress of "*Society in America*." The last number of this Review is an honor to the country. The paper on Italian Romance—indeed all the articles are worthy of the Edinburgh. So be sure to praise me in return, Mr. Trojan—"I've bribed my Grandmother's Review—the Quarterly"—but it's dead.

VII.

ST. XXIX. 2.] *The Literary Theologic mole, &c.*

This review—the *ultima ratio* of the sometime Colonization humbug—is a grave monastic looking personage, in a sober coat; which coat however is guilty of the only joke for which it was ever made accountable, in the standing motto O. RICH, RED LION SQUARE, LONDON, stamped upon it with as much emphasis as the *JUDEX DAMNATUR* of the Edinburgh.

As it is seldom seen, and about as frequently heard of, it may be well to explain, that it "comes quarterly," and is expected by those who take it, with about as much enthusiasm as one generally awaits the return of any other intermittent affection. A friend of mine—a queer fellow, who subscribes to it through a desire to be thought eccentric—assures me that if it is, as he suspects, the very incarnation of the quatern ague itself, it is nevertheless entirely unconnected with the fever. But—*ay de mi, Alhama!*—'tis on its way to the gulf that sooner or later seems to swallow up all American periodicals, and will soon be issued no more—no doubt to the great dismay of dogmatists, and trunk-makers.

VIII.

ST. XXIX. 5.] *As for the Quarterly, &c.*

Mortuary! Since writing the above, as the newspapers say, the New-York Review, has begun to prove its *jure divino* legation, by playing the "Aaron's rod." And lo! its first attack on Jannes and Jambres, is made, by swallowing up its "fellow-serpent"—the Quarterly! Alas, poor Yorick!

where are now thy jibes and jests! This leaves one rod less in *terrorum* for the Muse; who, in her capacity as *vates*, hesitates not to prophesy that other magicians are likely to see their own stingless wands turned into whips of vipers, in the same way. So beware, ye small fry! and look out for what Shelley would call "my aunt, the renowned snake."

IX.

ST. XXX. 8.] *Recommend them to the Loco-Focos.*

These admirable articles are well-adapted to the anarch spirit of the times, and must make all decent men the friends of the new review. But really, one can't help laughing at the prospectus lately put forth by the reverend editors, in which, with a great swell about the *absorbing* moral questions of the day, they entirely omit any statement of the course they intend to pursue, on the important topic of SLAVERY, a subject which (*pro* or *con*) we cannot conceive to be wholly foreign to the plan of a great national Ecclesiastico-Literary Publication. They are sufficiently minute as to their opinions on most subjects, and even stoop to specify the "Moral Reform Quackery"—an affair, almost as inconsiderable as the number of those, who can read this—Brandrethian puff without laughing. Why it is that a theme, at present, more than any other, enlisting the sympathies of the whole civilized world; attracting the observation and scrutiny of the wisest and ablest heads in Europe; calling down upon our country the jeers of the despot, the bitter invective of the orator, the stinging satire of the poet, and the scoffs of insulted Christendom;—why it is that such a theme should be pushed aside by contemptible quibblings about the expediency of minor ecclesiastical matters, would indeed seem not more mysterious than unnatural, were it not for two words, which the Scald very profanely hinteth—SOUTHERN SUBSCRIBERS.

I observe that this striking inconsistency has already been severely animadverted upon, by a writer in the *Emancipator*, who signs himself "*An Episcopalian*."

X.

ST. XXIV. 1.] *And Lovejoy's blood, &c.*

He fell at Alton, Illinois, a martyr to Freedom and Humanity. The time was once, in this country, when a citizen shot down by the lawless in defence of the liberty of the press, would have had all honor done to his memory, by an indignant community. To what a degree must slavery have tainted the current of popular feeling then, when in the present signal instance of outrage, there were many (if not the *majority*) found entirely on

the side of the murderers,—aye, even base and cold-blooded enough, to endeavor to finish the tragedy by *assassinating his character!* The martyr's memoirs have been given to the public, by his afflicted family; and the noble introduction which is prefixed, is worthy of its illustrious author, the venerable Mr. Adams. The author took it up by no means much prejudiced in favor of Mr. Lovejoy; but laid it down, convinced that—a noble soul—a man of feeling and of taste—of sentiment and of poetry—a man of pure benevolence—and one who walked with God—had been sent by the persecuting spirit of Tyranny to the noble army of kindred spirits enrolled before him. Of whom shall his blood be required!

XI.

[St. XXXIV. 2.] *And those swart ghosts, &c.*

Have the public so soon forgotten the poor fellows who were burnt, at the South and West, of late! In one instance the unfortunate deserved death perhaps—but not the fagot: and even his crime is much palliated by the fact, that he was—a slave. Who shall blame the natural ferocity of a man, who has had his liberty stolen from him, since his earliest boyhood! Had the negro in question been free, there is no reason to suppose he would have been a murderer. But the virtue of our revolutionary fathers—resisting oppression unto death—is no longer “obedience to God,” when ourselves are the Tyrants.

XII.

St. XXXVI. 2.] *Breathing on canvas, &c.*

Whoever has seen Catlin's picture of Osceola, must feel as the scald does on this subject. The artist has given—not his features alone, but his sorrow, and his unsubdued disdain.

XIII.

St. XXXVII. 3.] *Nor yet where Christian hand, &c.*

Did Osceola die mid Christians! “An' such are Christians, let me serve Mahomed,” as said Hogarth's Turk-at-the-window.

XIV.

St. XLIII. 8.] *The stench of a republic's gratitude, &c.*

It has been an old story that—the ingratitude of republics! and we seem bent on confirming it. On the continent of Europe, Mr. Cooper is looked upon with reverence; his works are translated into many languages, and

everywhere abroad he is THE GREAT AMERICAN. But here every country gazetteer feels at liberty to blackguard him—because he is not a foreigner, and does not hate his countrymen. If he has faults, I can only say—as Beau Brummel has wont, with his glass at his eye—“eh—is it possible!”

XV.

ST. XLVI. 8.] *And roar in Irving's prose—*

In the story of Dolph Heyliger, compare the description of the thunder-storm in the highlands, with Byron's famous “*Leaps-the-live-thunder*” stanza! I say *Byron's*; by excess of courtesy, perhaps, for strictly, that splendid display of fireworks is the property of several pyrotechnic artists. If there is, what Coleridge calls, a “*noble* imitation, if it be not a coincidence,” between Drayton and Wordsworth, in the “*Joanna*” of the latter; what shall we style the strange phenomenon that presents itself, on comparing Byron's stanza with those lines of the Laker! Byron did well enough to *appropriate*, when he could so much *improve*, an originally fine idea: but it was *mean* in him to steal from *Wordsworth*. A man should never borrow from one, whom he has himself posted for a bankrupt. I only notice this to show that Lord B. had by no means so poor an opinion of the LAKE SCHOOL, as he was selfish enough to pretend. No doubt he heartily despised these adherents of his own, whom he befooled into a contempt of such genius as was possessed by Coleridge, and Wordsworth and Southey.

We hear of one, who had been at work all day behind the scenes at Covent Garden, that in the evening, during the play, he sat in the pit, anxiously awaiting a storm, which he had himself contrived. As, at length, it began very successfully to roar and lighten, up jumped the delighted artist, attracting the attention of the whole theatre by the ecstatic yell of, “By Jove, that's my thunder!” I am sure when Wordsworth read that passage of Byron's, he must have said (more calmly than the poor property-man,) “that's my echo!”

As this note is inserted under a tribute to Mr. Irving, I take the liberty of apologizing to him in this place, for transplanting his beautiful cottage at Tarrytown, so far up the river as Cro'nest. Poetry is not overmindful of geography.

XVI.

ST. XLVIII. 8.] *Must brick and mortar be with yankee banner raised.*

Instance—the “American Flag” of Drake, which piece of fustian actually more distinguishes his name with many, than his “Culprit Fay” itself. I have sometimes thought of providing it with stage-directions—thus: SCENE, Parade Ground—Enter militia, to a *rub-a-dub* march; halt, wheel,

fire!—"Chambers let off," (i. e. old spavined field-pieces,) Loquitur drum-major. "Eagle," "stars," "freedom," Huzza!—feu-de-joie; flag waves, exit militia—exit smoke.

XVII.

ST. XLIX. 2.] *Tho' Reviewers dont.*

In the last number of the quarterly—the *last* in two senses—and the *LAST* it deserved to be for its stupidity.—there is a review of poetics by Mr. Clark of Philadelphia, in which there is enough to make a modest author mute for half a century. This cramming young birds is not the way to teach them how to sing. However, I was going to say, that they muster together the American bards, in proof of great poetical genius among us; and here the inverted climax follows: "BRYANT, HALLECK, Dana, Sprague, Clark, —and others!" Query—this *Clark!* Not the author under review, of course—but, I suppose, McDONALD CLARK, *Esq.*, of New-York—commonly yclep'd "the Mad," in spite of—as I have heard—much harmlessness and good nature.

Well, this is a fine parade indeed! But where's Hillhouse! "Non est inventus"—among the "little corporals." That's right; the generalissimo should not be forced to show his epaulettes in every-day reviews. Probably Mr. Critic includes him in the laconic "*and others.*" Bryant, Halleck," and others, against Hillhouse! "Crows and daws," I say with Pandarus, "crows and daws!—porridge after meat!"

XVIII.

ST. LII. 7.] *Like the St. Esprit Church.*

The famous French Church in Franklin-street, which is emphatically what Robert Hall would style "a splendid introduction—to nothing!"

XIX.

ST. LVII. 7.] *Rhymes that roll the futile R.*

Ut Cyclius olim, who apostrophizes Niagara in the true "Dunder and blixen" spirit somewhat thus—

Roar, raging river, and rattle, and ring,

Thro' thy thick throne of graywacke thundering,

And e'en as thou thunderest, so will I sing.

XX.

ST. LXXV. 8.] *Claus protect the girl.*

According to the very euphonious dialect of the children, who have profanely corrupted St. Nicholas into Santaclaus. This name exists classically also, in the truly Wordsworthian ballad—

'Tis Santaclaus at Christmas comes,
And fills our hose with sugar-plums.
Chor. Sing Santaclaus, &c.

XXII.

ST. LXXXV. 1.] *Our saint, saint Mammon is.*

I cannot but think that a privy to this fact of secret history, is the true cause of the omission of a biography of St. Nicholas, in the great work of my friend Mr. Knickerbocker. Any attempt to explain would have spoiled his co-citizens of their saint.

XXIII.

ST. LXXXVI.] *As some one sings.*

Gascoigne—not Southey.

. It is to be hoped that the reader will overlook some typographical errors which have escaped notice. Among them is the frequent substitution of *one* for *our*.

CANTO II.



CANTO II.

Er kann nicht schreiben, doch sein kreuz ist gut,
Und wird ihm honorirt von Iud und Christ.—*Schiller.*

I.

Would I might sing old heroes ! So began
Thy lay, sweet bard of Teos : ' so shall mine ;
But I, alas ! must sing of what I can ;
In which my case is very much like thine :
Save that I may not sing like thee, old man,
Of roses, beauties, rosy loves, and wine.
The days are gone of Bacchanalian revel,
And now, a hero must be saint or devil.

II.

Mine is a little bit of both : a mean,
A *juste milieu* ; or, what is called by Flaccus,
A golden *mediocritas*, between
Sathanas and a friar ; a drunken Bacchus,
And a spare priest ; a fat-fed Capuchin
And a poor poet, or a thorn-fed jackass !
In fact, he is, for a convenient rhyme,
The very greatest hero of his time.

III.

Mark that I say not *heroine* ! By no means :

I would have sung of woman, for that matter,
 Because I have a great desire for women's
 Favor : and then I had a scaling ladder,
 Ropes, and a carriage ready ; priest at home ; inns,
 On the road, hired ; masks, and a maid that had her
 Window unscrewed, and who, at least in hope, meant
 To gem my song, with a refin'd elopement !

IV.

So that I almost had a heroine,

Which, in these days of queens, were far more clever :
 Such would, I'm sure, ensure this lay of mine
 Reception with the gallant critics, ever
 Upon the watch for *queanly* things and fine,
 And, always, most unwilling to disserve,
 From amatory themes, the bard who chants a
 Lyric, in their lov'd Don-Juan stanza.

V.

As 'tis, " I throw myself upon the court ! "

On thee, Judge Mirror, who so well becalmest
 The public on my morals ! and, in short,

On thee too, Clark, my former lay who damnest !
 There's " The New-York ! " whom I have lash'd in sport ;

" There's little Benjamin —— " as saith the Psalmist,
 With hosts of others whom I more or less censure :
 And there's the Southern Literary Messenger !

VI.

To them I dedicate my song anew ;
 They'll *praise* or *blackguard*—just as they were bred !
 But let none use me roughly in review !
 As, *if* they're gentlemen, they'll find, instead
 Of *cartels*, their own dunce-ships in my new
 Canto, well-pilloried for aye,—their head
 Spiked through the ears,—and they, in their cravat,
 Like to be ask'd *what they are grinning at !*

VII.

Now, my great hero had been still unsung,
 But for a lucky chance. I never felt
 Quite fit for epic flights, and still had clung
 To light Anacreontic, (for I knelt
 To the old Teian, long ago, when young,)
 Had I not found the printers could not sell't.
 This chang'd the case, and, sad enough for me,
 Gave me that gentlemanly ail—*ennui !*

VIII.

Which is the very worst of all diseases,
 Though never mention'd in the town-clerk's list.
 No pestilence, or plague that in the breeze is,
 Hath half its evils ; not the fog and mist,
 That bringeth melancholy ; nought that freezes
 The heart, and heart's affections ; not the fist
 Of hired assassins ; not the gout ; not guns ;
 Not "Bulwer's last" ; not Beppo, or bad puns ;

IX.

Are half so bad as my old ill—*ennui* !
 'Tis worse than jaundice or the tertian ague.
 Not all Pandora's evils e'er could be
 So potent, or so pestilent to plague you.
 It hangeth on you like a stinging flea,
 Or rather—sure this simile should take you—
 Like an unoperating dose of—manna ?
 No, no—of Pastille's ipecacuanha !

X.

'Tis a bad thing to be diseas'd at all ;
 A *very* bad thing, too, this taking medicine ;
 A worse, to have a leg broke by a fall ;
 Worse, if a fire comes when the sick his bed is in ;
 And even worse to hear a baby squall,
 When a bad ache or throb the bandag'd head is in ;
 But worse than pills, breaks, potions, squalls, to me,
 Is that undying death of deaths—*ennui* !

XI.

Now, there are many ways for men to die :
 Some perish like the shatter'd bark at sea,
 Borne off in tempests, and transfixed by
 The red-hot shafts of incens'd Deity ;
 And some die gently, like a summer sky,
 So beautiful their parting breathings be !
 E'en the dark clouds of death by Hope made bright,
 And *they* borne off to-day—*we* left in night !

XII.

And slow-consuming waste hath taken some !
The loveliest so have faded ! and some go
From the damp-vaulted prison, where, long dumb,
They brooded in a solitude of wo !
Companionless, save when, perchance, would come
The starving rat, with stealthy creep and slow,
To gnaw some long-spiced captive's eyeless head,
And crunch the hollow bone, that seem'd out-groaning
dread.

XIII.

And some have died as Lesbian Sappho did—
In love with Phaon. 'Twas a foolish dying !
And some have gone like Raphael ; some have slid
With the torn avalanche ; and some, by trying
To leave Life's happy valley, and be rid
Of the dull tedium, have gone off in flying ;
And some have died of having learn'd wives ;
For their sweet spouses laying down their lives !

XIV.

Some men have died because their life was death :
They deem'd damnation better, and so blew
What brains they had out of their heads, and breath
From their tired bodies. There was much ado
Made over them, and, as the player saith,
The *Crowner's quest* sat o'er their corpses ; who
Publish'd, with far less conscience than humanity,
Death, by that slander'd personage—Insanity.

XV.

Which may have been, and, likelier, may not :
 However, as they died, that's all I said.
 Some men have perish'd on the seas, by lot,
 Giving their bodies to their mates for bread ;
 And some have died for truth, and are forgot ;
 And some for lies—now call'd the Mighty Dead ;
 Some die of fear. I know no case of recency,
 Where men, Verini-like, have died of decency.²

XVI.

And some, like cowards, have met death in battle ;
 And some have died, like heroes, on their pillow ;
 And some have died of life's eternal rattle ;
 And some of heaving ocean's restless billow ;
 And some have died of this ill, and of that ill ;
 And some have even died of being still—Oh !
 Many have died of ghosts and visions fright'ning ;
 And some of Heaven's own thunderbolts and lightning.

XVII.

Chaucer died saying, " Lord, forgive my lays,
 That sounen unto sin ;" and Grotius went
 Weeping o'er all his useless, toil-spent days ;
 Pope died of peevishness and discontent ;
 And Cranmer suffer'd, with his hand a-blaze ;
 Poor Cowper died—his poet-life well spent—
 Beneath a cloud ; and as his spirit passed,
 It was an hour of darkness, but the last !

XVIII.

How the old martyrs slumber'd! They awoke
To glory, when their dream of death was done!
How sunk great Paul beneath the tyrant's stroke!
How rose he, glorious, like th' unquenched sun!
How Stephen slept! How Abel's slaughter spoke!
How the old prophets suffer'd! And, when won
Was the great vict'ry, lifted up on high,
How Jesus died!—as God himself should die!

XIX.

Like a self-torturing fury died Voltaire!⁴
Prometheus-like!—himself the vulture gnawing!
Orestes, in his frenzy of despair,
Torture within, and his poor soul fast drawing
To deeper torment! Now arose his prayer,
Now his wild curse; and he rose, too, fast clawing,
As doth the drowning, straws to stay his wrestle,
Till down he went—death gulping his poor vessel!

XX.

Rousseau, bespattered with all filthy evil,
Died lying to his Maker; and Tom Paine
Went howling to his kennel. In a revel
Some try to die, who've liv'd long lives in vain.
Hume died like a deep debtor to the devil;
But I would die as one who Heaven would gain!
As the calm Christian dies, my breath I'd give,
Exclaiming, "Now shall I begin to live!"

XXI.

How glorious 'tis to see the sun go down
Of a well-treasured day! How sweet the sight
Of a brave warrior, who hath earn'd his crown,
Departing for the guerdon of his fight!
Well hath he borne earth's scoffing and hell's frown;
Now riseth he to glorious life and light!
Oh, let me die his death! and be my days
Even like his, for they are blessed ways!

XXII.

The bird of song dies singing; his last breath
Fading in music! So died Malibran.
Martyrs have chaunted *te deums* in death,
And poets, too, have died like the sweet swan.
They could not live by song, and so, in faith,
They died by it, humming soft rhymes upon
Some scornful mistress' eye-brows, or, what's worse,
Sighing, like Chaucer—"to an empty purse."

XXIII.

And some have died in giving others life,
In agonizing throes of double birth,
Bearing an heir to glory in the strife—
With twin bequeathals to sepulchral earth,—
A breathing babe, and, ah! a breathless wife;
The floweret of a season, 'mid the dearth
Of the world's desert, bloom'd the fair young bride,
Till the fruit ripen'd, and the blossom died.

XXIV.

So die the fair, the beautiful, the few ;
So dies the rarest bird of orient story,
Even in death bearing itself anew,
From the sweet ashes of its blaze of glory ;
Its burial and its bridal !—and so, too,
Dieth your patience ; and, lest I should bore ye,
So dieth this already long-liv'd proem :
The muse 'most died in bringing forth this poem !

XXV.

I only made it for the sake of showing
What would, and what would not, more blessed be,
Than that worst death by which the muse was going—
That weary, foggy death of deaths—*ennui* !
Now I'm recover'd, and with health am glowing ;
Thanks to St. Jonathan—my remedy !
This poem has restored me, and shall be a
Restorative to you—a patent panacea.

XXVI.

Alas ! I am devote to poesie,
And that is all the handicraft I boast ;
But since " there's no demand for poetry,"
Of course my long apprenticeship is lost.
'Tis true, I could have scribbled rhymes for the
Monthly, New-Yorker, Mirror, and a host
Of newspapers ; but this was not the kind o'
Writing, that my humble muse inclin'd to.

XXVII.

And as for writing *works*!—the printer said,
 “ Works are not fashionable now-a-days.”
 Well, what *are* then? “ Oh, Inklings, or else Lead-
 Pencillings, or Scratchings by Highways;
 Or Bulwer’s Sketches. Pray, sir, have you read
 Maltravers, Boz, or Sherry Knowles’s plays?”
 “ Can’t say I have, save Boz’s queer palavers;
 And when Scott tires, perhaps I’ll thumb Maltravers.”

XXVIII.

“ Well, sir, allow me to return to work,
 And eke to hint that work might help *you* too!
 Your pardon!”—And I thank’d him for his quirk;
 For deep, perchance, the sauce-box spoke too true.
 Yet for awhile I chose to lounge and lurk
 In my lov’d Highlands, having nought to do
 But gaze on beauty, and indulge *ennui*;
 When—wonderful!—a *thought* occurred to me,

XXIX.

That if I could not warble to my wish,
 ’Twere best to scribble, e’en as others would!
 So I resolv’d to conjure up a dish
 “ To suit the most fastidious”—something good—
 The very best of Heliconian fish;
 A most *recherché plat*, in which I could
 Convey a little pepper to the palate,
 And cram Cayenne down dainty throats in salad.

XXX.

And, *argal*, cometh forth this little ballad,
 In which I had advanc'd to making Saints ;
 Where I broke off abruptly. If it all had
 Been given, though, there would have been some feints
 Of Madam's—who with Nick a little squall had—
 And some queer things of his too ! But this taints
 My present bill of fare. 'Twill be too far done
 To be brought out anon ! I beg the public's pardon !

XXXI.

Mistress St. Nicholas was, as I said,
 Fond of the colonists, and oft half-minded
 To emigrate herself ; but then her Head
 Said *no* ; and, if she leave her head behind did,
 She saw, at once, she might as well be dead !
 So thoroughly the stern old Saint was blinded,
 That for some years, with pretty oaths, by Hilary,
 Her tongue storm'd on—true feminine artillery !

XXXII.

Ah, those sweet lips of woman's !—who can bear
 A moment's storm, a moment's siege from such !
 A woman's words—all air—all rosy air !—
 Have yet been strong with *me*, and mov'd me much.
 But who on earth can stand 'gainst Beauty's prayer !
 Never a *poet*, or a soul,—not Dutch !
 Nich'las had no romance, and, for that matter, he
 Cared not for beauty's words, nor woman's battery.

XXXIII.

Yet oft, in sooth, her battery wax'd warm :
 She found he was impregnable at last,
 At least to such scalade : and so, to form
 New plans, she cool'd awhile, and calmly cast
 About her for a stratagem, (since storm
 And bold assault avail'd not,) till there pass'd
 A thought before her, which she seiz'd, no doubt,
 For very soon she 'gan to act it out !

XXXIV.

My poem is a farce of lowly life,
 At least in this small part of it ; for which
 I've glean'd materials out of every strife
 And difference I e'er witness'd. I enrich
 This episode between a man and wife
 With few of these, however ; for "the flich"¹⁵
 Was never earn'd by a young pair on earth
 More justly than by these : I'll stake you what I'm worth !

XXXV.

But now, with muttering,—and wives will mutter,—
 The wily dame quite wore her husband out.
 Once he got angry, but began to stutter,
 And so stopp'd short—content, instead, to pout.
 But falling soon into a fearful flutter,
 Because his silver service lack'd—"the crout,"
 The gude vrow, laughing, said "she had her cue,
 And would withhold it till he this should do."

XXXVI.

“Do what!” said he. “E’en hear me,” said the dame.

“Dunder and blixen! do speak quickly then!
Out with it!” “But don’t be in such a flame!”

“Dunder and blixen!” “There it goes again!”
“I’ll hear it now!” “You won’t, or I’m to blame!”

“These stupid women! Why, Katrina, men
“Had told it all by this!” “Oh, I’ve no doubt:
“*Women* don’t always let a secret out!”

XXXVII.

How the affair was settled I don’t know;
But once “it came to pass upon a day,”
A scene ensued, which I proceed to show;
But first, perhaps, I should premise and say,
That in old times the damsels of the Low-
Countries, were wont themselves to sway
The cook’s affairs! and married dames, and Dians,
At household cookery would often try hands.

XXXVIII.

And on the day of which I now relate,
(How they came there, I’m sure I cannot tell,)
The stately pair within their kitchen sate,
While from the fire steam’d forth a sav’ry smell.
(I like those mighty chimneys of old date,
Tiled down with Scripture.) And it so befel,
That, from their talk, I learn’d the saint, at length,
Had yielded to his wife’s, and hunger’s strength.

XXXIX.

Now, this is true ! I know that in romances
 The errant knights grant favors but for kisses ;
 And ev'ry bard, on Pegasus that prances,
 Makes mighty Jove unmov'd by minor blisses ;
 But Herod yielded to a damsel's dances,
 And so did Harry Eighth : and then, as this is
 Only a story of plain homespun matter,
 Why should not Nick be mov'd by wholesome batter ?

XL.

At all events, he was so ! Oh, thou fair,
 That yet shalt be mine own !—thou lovely one !
 Being of beauty ! maid of glossy hair !
 (Albeit, I, alas ! as yet know none,
 That may give answer to this flattering prayer !)
 Where'er thou art beneath the dimmer sun,
 Be well assur'd, if e'er, *such* weapons wielding,
 You hope to move—you'll find *me* more unyielding !

XLI.

I never will be starved into surrender ;—
 Will willingly bid venison good-bye ;—
 Aye, bid adieu to duck and turkey tender,
 And e'en to olives, hock, champagne, and pie,
 And still be obstinate as Charles at Bender !
 But, dearest, don't assail me—with *thine eye* !
There! thou *hast* Samson's secret ! Unto one,
 One glance of love, I yield, like Solomon.*

XLII.

Oh, I am no man's subject! (So can say
 All England *now!*) I am myself, my King!
 This glory will I claim at least, and may;
 'Tis an American's sole glorying!
 For they have reft all other pride away
 From honest patriots! But to this I cling!
 I'm free! and—(blest be God!)—no chain on me—
 I bind no chain on others, justly free!

XLIII.

I'm free! but yet to all sweet, beauteous things
 Of earth and sky, and of the glorious sea,
 My soul is chain'd; to all divine, that springs
 In the All-seeing Soul; to all that be
 In the old minstrel's warm imaginings;
 To words and thoughts of loveliness; to thee,
 My bright ideal of all blended beauty!
 And, oh, to thee, my God, I glory in my duty!

XLIV.

I am a slave to loveliness. Around
 God's world delights me; but the crowded mart,
 Where the eternal wheels of Mammon sound,
 —Harsh discord to the music-loving heart,
 How could I e'er endure it! Ah! 'tis found
 In this un-bard-like song, of which no part
 Doth please me! But I'm lagging!—what's the matter?
 I said Katrina cook'd, and Nick lov'd batter!

XLV.

Lady of Gotham! is not this *refin'd*?
 I think, myself, it is not, pretty miss!
 The subject was not chosen to my mind;
 But now it can't be alter'd, for it is
 A veritable hist'ry. I'm inclin'd
 To think,—as coarse and unrefin'd as 'tis,—
 Your great-great-grandma did exactly so,
 In Holland, not a century ago!

XLVI.

And what, if you are deck'd in silks and satins,
 And call on cousins in a chariot now;
 And spend more time at masquerades than matins,
 And promenade to see the foplings bow!
 If you do this—when, shod in clumsy pattens,
 Your grandam spun, and, haply—milk'd the cow!—
 That is more reason I should sing thee, child,
 Old Holland's primal manners, undefil'd!

XLVII.

But, oh! *Refinement*, is it? Please, then, look—
 No, *not one stanza further!* Go to Carvill—
 He keeps five doors below the pastry-cook—
 And he will suit your wishes to a marvel.
 Don't buy old Milton's *very vulgar book*,
 Nor Pope's, nor Shakspeare's! I confess they *are* vile!
 But purchase Boz, Hood, Bulwer, Cruikshank, Marryatt,
 And take them home in your *Refinement's* chariot.

XLVIII.

I love refinement,—shun the unrefin'd,
 And wish the fine were finer than they are ;
 I love fine ladies, fine *soirées*, fine mind,
 Fine eyes, fine dancing—not a fine segar !
 I love to read a fine *bon-mot*, or wind
 Through Pope's fine verse, or Cowper's, better far !
 I love a fine new book, a finish'd dandy,
 And even Stuart's *steam-refin'd* cream-candy !

XLIX.

Besides all this, my creed upon this topic,
 Is, dear Refinement ! just what you may please.
 I want my work well read in either tropic :
 And (as refinement changes, by degrees
 Of latitude, and measures telescopic,)
 I name no other fine affairs than these ;
 Lest what might suit a nice New-York blue-stocking,
 In prudish Philadelphia might be—shocking !

L.

But, though I love refinement, for a while
 I condescend to sturdy, homely, prose ;
 And, after all, the world is prosy ! Smile,
 And doubt it, if you please. But look !—the Rose
 Of blessed Albion's old ancestral isle—
 The youthful Queen, with Monarchs for her beaux,
 And Dukes for valets—aye, THE QUEEN would be
 The Rose no more—without her *toast and tea* !

LI.

We left the dinner doing!—Mr. Critic,
 Mark this part as a blemish, if you please;
 And say, the poem would be *superstitick*,
 (For that the poet surely writes with ease,)
 But that, in this place, is a scent mephitic,
 Badly brought in, of sardines, crout, and cheese;
 Then add, "This episode alone will kill it!"—
 I care not. Here the dame put on the skillet.

LII.

She was her own cook; and, to do up dinner,
 In "gay, good humor," she began to work:
 Now pour'd in water, to make this dish thinner,—
 Now added, to the other, some fine pork;
 Then flew round, briskly, as a jenny-spinner,
 And, like an old *Sicarius*, used her fork.
 —For see, to have this a good epic poem,
 This should not be omitted—as I'll show 'em!

LIII.

For Homer,—first great favorite of the Muses,—
 Wrote also the first cook-book, called the Iliad:
 From which, the modern cook-book author chooses
 His rules for roasting beef. Hence, great Corcellet had
 His recipes for goose, and Charlotte-ruses!
 Homer *begg'd* all his diet: True! but still he had
 That innate knowledge of fine sauce for turkies,
 Which to describe, you know, the poet's work is.

LIV.

I say the Iliad was a cook-book! Some,
With Porson, will demy this, I've no doubt;
But undertake to read it, and you'll come,
Before you know it, on a drinking bout,
Where one kills oxen, one hands round the rum,
And one turns good beef-quarters inside out;
Trusses them well, roasts, and, with nice art, tastes them,
While turn-spit Agamemnon duly bastes them.

LV.

Then, the Odyssey, too, keeps up the roasting,
Until the whole at length becomes—a bore;
And what with turning, burning, frying, toasting,
You truly tire of old Homeric lore.
These recipes are mix'd with fights, and boasting,
Among the bully Greeks, to make them more
Instructive; and, on this, the poem built is,
On which a Flood of ink, and anger, spilt is!

LVI.

Just as dear Cowper built his pleasant Task
Upon a sofa: just as I, good friends,
Am building mine on—nothing: Milton's mask
Is built on nothing also, though it wends
Through such a wild of sweets. A cider-cask
Has been a theme;—but here my wand'ring ends!
I took this turn to prove you, there must be
Cooks, well as gods, in every epopée.

LVII.

And sure, when Homer sets me the example ;
 And Virgil, too, with plagiarizing pen,
 Does the same thing ; and, in a kitchen ample,
 Collects Æneas, Gyas, and such men ;
 When even Milton don't presume to trample
 On this good rule,—but makes Eve, even then,
 And there, in *Paradise*, serve her own table,
 Ere Cain was suckled, or his brother Abel ;—

LVIII.

I say,—with all these things before my eyes,
 I'd be truss'd up myself, by the Reviewer,
 And charg'd with heaping up a pack of lies,
 Instead of writing epopées, I'm sure,
 If, now, I did not turn to cakes and pies,
 And show you our good dame ; who, chaste and pure,
 Has all this time been copying Homer's priest,
 —Calchas, I mean—in getting up a feast.

LIX.

And, all the while, as she was stewing, broiling,
 And fricasseeing, o'er the blazing fire ;
 And still—to keep her boddice lace from spoiling—
 Upholding her high petticoats, still higher,
 Her tongue was reasoning, as her hands were toiling,
 For her liege lord, and all true Dutchmen's sire.
 But, then, I will not tire you with her reasoning :
 'Twas dry, and, like her dinner, wanted seasoning.

LX.

But here's her argument, in brief synopsis!—

“If you can't be a double saint yourself,
And know whate'er the prospect of the crops is,
On both sides Ocean, at a time,—your pelf,
In which I know the sum of all your hopes is,
Won't be diminish'd, if you send an elf
To rule them in your stead!” She hung a ham on
As this she spake—“and I propose our Mammon.”

LXI.

Nich'las sat smoking, thro' this dull oration ;

But now his *fine-cut* was nigh burnt to ashes :
At once—as if he saw the new-born nation—
Out of his mouth, his burnt stump-pipe he dashes ;
Thrice smiles ambrosial self-congratulation,
While quakes his queue, and keen his squint-eye flashes,
Then speaks—“*Yaw, yaw*, I'll send the good Mynheer ;
That's just *vat I vas thinkin* of, my dear !”

LXII.

Mammon was call'd : “Mammon, my dear,” said he,

“I dub thee saint ! But your unlucky name—
St. Mammon, doth not sound well ! It will be
Ever against your prospering, and fame :
What shall I call thee ?—ever dear to me
As Jonathan to David ! Aye, e'en so—the same !—
I've got it—and I name thee from that fact !—
Hereafter, as ST. JONATHAN you'll act !”

LXIII.

“Aye, that I will!” replied the *quondam* Mammon,
 Who had the English accent, to a marvel;
 “I’ll be a saint, and by no means a sham ’un!”
 (Here was the dinner serv’d:) “And, since you carve ill,
 Pray let *me* help you from this smoking gammon;
 ’Twill come in well; and, doubtless, it’s to starve, ill!
 And now, good sir, what land must I be saint of?
 —I hope it is not Holland, that you’re faint of!”

LXIV.

“No, no!” said Nich’las; “but, by your kind aid,
 You know, dear Mammon, I have rais’d this land,
 That erst in fens, and marshy bogs, was laid,
 To rear her head, and bless my wise command.
 Once was she feeble, as a little maid,
 Now, a fine nursing mother she doth stand,
 And scarce hath need of two of us at present,
 So we have plann’d, for you, an exile pleasant.”

LXV.

Then he went on, expounding and explaining,
 And added, “Mammon, you have work’d so hard,
 That, though I much would fancy your remaining,
 I think this saint-ship is your due reward.”
 “But, sir”—“No, no, you’re good enough! No feigning!
 No modesty! Your excellence is marr’d
 Only by your distrust of it; and you
 Have *earn’d* this gift! I yield it as your due.”

LXVI.

"But, sir," said Mammon, raging to be cheated
 Thus of his saint-ship, and thus too exiled,—
 "Nay," said St. Nick, "this must not be repeated!
 You're worthy of it; take it all, my child!"
 Then both began to be a little heated;
 And the fair dame call'd out, "Good sirs, be mild!"
 But Nich'las yell'd, with many an oath objurgatory,
 "Begone; and choose 'twixt Hudson-kill and Purgatory!"

LXVII.

And Mammon, with his nether end a-smarting,
 Soon found him kick'd from Nicholas' back door!
 This had been terrible, and somewhat starting
 To a saint's pride: but Mammon had before
 Been kick'd, as I shall show you. So, departing,
 He turn'd towards Holland's low-lands, to deplore;
 And, much as Eve did, when she left her flowers,
 He wept o'er happy Holland's bogs and bowers.

LXVIII.

"Farewell, sweet fields! Farewell, ye buxom lasses!
 Farewell, Van this-one,—and farewell, Van that!
 Must I leave you, too, Mynheers Vandergrasses;
 And you, rich house of Brinckerhoef and Platt!
 These fens, these dykes, too,—built by drudging asses,—
 Where I had hoped to flourish and grow fat!
 Farewell!—nay, ruin seize thee, Nich'las! Dunder!"
 —Here he went off in light blue mist, and thunder.

LXIX.

'Tis said, he hurried not to his new charge,
 Who, all the while, believ'd in Nicholas;
 But, loose, he roam'd about the world, at large,
 Borne on each wind; as light, too, and as fickle as
 The breeze, that was his æronautic barge.
 At length—for every holy saint a sickle has—
 When he perceiv'd the harvest ripe and ready,
 Here, he alighted, and has since liv'd steady.

LXX.

The time of his arrival was an age,
 And more, since he was banish'd from the East.
 The Revolution spent meanwhile its rage,
 And people, stocks, and money, soon increas'd.
 Then came he hastily: as, from a cage,
 Escapes some roaring, raving India beast,
 Seeking whom he might easiest devour!
 I say, he came at this important hour.

LXXI.

Nor was he here in those soul-trying days,
 When our brave fathers fought fierce Freedom's war;
 Far nobler spirits led them o'er the ways
 Of Glory; and made glorious ev'ry scar
 Their bold breasts took, while kindling the bright blaze
 That since hath shone o'er many a land afar.
 'Twas not the lust of gold, or booty, then,
 That kindled them to rage—those iron-fronted men!

LXXII.

For then, thine arm, our Father, as of yore,
 When 'neath the floods accurst Busiris fell,
 Was broad display'd ; and men did then adore
 The mystic might that wrought the miracle.
 But since, they've bow'd the golden calf before,
 Nor fear'd thy guiding light ;—thy shadow'd cell
 Of mercy ;—man, thy nobler, holier ark !
 They strip that ark for gold, yet hide the tablets dark !

LXXIII.

But this is metaphor ! “ The Lord deliver
 Us, and our land, from plague, disease, and want !”
 “ So far, so good ! The Litany for ever !”
 “ Us from vain glory, pride, hard hearts ; and grant,
 For all our good, our hearts may bless the Giver !
 Preserve the harvest—let not cern be scant !”
 “ Amen !”—“ And bless the desolate *oppress'd* !”
 —“ Does that mean *slaves* ? Our priest shall be undress'd !”

LXXIV.

Such are our prayers ! Oh, where's the prophet tongue,
 That, touch'd with fire, rebuked the church of old ?
 Isaiah's,—that to inspiration stung,
 Spared not for peer, worse priest, or princes bold !
 Now list the words his poet-anger sung,
 And hear Columbia's twin-denouncement told !
 “ Listen, oh Earth ! Ye Heavens, behold it well,—
 The people I have nourish'd, dare rebel.”

LXXV.

" Behold! the rulers of the land, no more
 Regard the poor man's cry, the widow's tears!
 Behold the bondaged captive at your door—
 His cry, at length, hath pierced th' Almighty ears!
 And yet ye come to *fast*, to bow before
 My throne—insulted long! Jehovah hears!
 Yet is your sacrifice—offence! Your song
My soul abhors! Your hands are red with wrong!

LXXVI.

" Bring not again your incense! Go, relent!
 Give o'er your jubilees—your *monthly* prayer!
 Your fasts, your feasts, I cannot bear! Repent!
 Relieve th' oppress'd! The captive be your care!
 Are these the fasts I choose? The sackcloth shent;
 The head a bulrush; vows of empty air!
 Away—go break the yoke! If ye would be
 Heard of your God, oh, let th' oppress'd go free!"

LXXVII.

Such were his words, who was a mouth to Him,
 Whom on the sapphire throne he saw unveil'd;
 Whose harp was strung by chaunting Cherubim;
 Whose eye beheld the amber blaze—nor quail'd.
 Numbers they were, which holy Seraphim
 Heard and approv'd; which, oft, when high he sail'd
 To inmost Heav'n, themselves had taught the seer:
 Words which stout fiends might tame, denounc'd to human
 ear!

LXXVIII.

Think not to serve both Mammon and your God !
—And this idea brings me back once more :
I think I said St. Mammon, loath to plod
With the Dutch settlers, came not to our shore,
But wander'd somewhere to the land of Nod ;
So, here I add—I should have told before—
A little bit of Mammon's pedigree,
That song and story may accordant be.

LXXIX.

If some have long consider'd it a mystery,
That Mammon—(mention'd in the hallow'd Bible
As an arch-devil, and in Milton's history
Nam'd with the fiends again)—should leave his tribe all,
And turn good Christian, let the critic's bistoury
Probe well the story, for it is no libel ;
And that, thus living with a *saint* we find him,
Is still no marvel, if we duly mind him.

LXXX.

This brings me to that portion of my story
In which I promis'd copying Æneas,
In seeking Pluto's regions, dark and gory !
So here I go ; and if I find that he has
Got prison'd there, together, Whig and Tory,
I'll let you know it ; careful not to be, as
My great exemplar was, let out again,
By the wrong gate, from that infernal den.

LXXXI.

I'm now to startle you with the narration,
 That saints and devils very much agree ;
 In fact, are occupants of the same station—
 Call'd *saints, gods, devils*, interchangeably.
 So that a devil guards each Christian nation,
 From England to Cape Horn and Owhyhee.
 And e'en our own prime Yankee-land has one :
 My hero, please you, sirs,—ST. JONATHAN !

LXXXII.

In Homer's times, these very fellows ruled
 The world, by name of God, nymph, fawn, or Centaur ;
 And Cyprus, Crete, Iona, Greece, were school'd
 To tutelars, as Ithaca to Mentor.
 Milton tells this ; and now—how they befool'd
 Good Christians, by the Seine, Tweed, Liffey, Trent, or
 The Rappahannock, to select and choose
 Ex-gods for patron saints—sing, Heavenly Muse !

LXXXIII.

'Tis known that rogues, uphauled by the Recorder
 To his Tartarean Court, have many names,
 Since iterated *alias* brings disorder
 Into the verdict ; so each devil claims
 The right of being satyr, saint, or lord, or
 Patron of whales, or tutelard of dames ;
 All for the sake of keeping unsuspecting
 The mystery that makes us superstitious.

LXXXIV.

St. George is nought but Pythian Apollo,
Killing the dragon; and St. Patrick seems,
With his high mitre, heart and noddle hollow,
And crucifix inwrought with twisted beams,
Nothing but Hermes—he that used to follow
The stolen kine, and ford the Stygian streams
With a wing'd hat, and snaky rod—a token
Of Patrick's after-power, which dens of serpents broke in.

LXXXV.

St. Andrew with his cross is,—what is he?
Oh, Ixion with his wheel; the same old fellow!
St. Dennis must be Priapus! Didst see
The saints of Onolulu—made to sell O?
Brought out by Cook—black as mobocracy,
And grinning with green teeth, and eyes all yellow?
Turks, too, have saints; and Ali Bey, and Yussuf; are
Their better names for the incarnate Lucifer!

LXXXVI.

Beelzebub—next *mate*, as poets tell,
To Satan's self—has, by a lucky trick,
Shuffled the name that clung to him in Hell,
And here is mostly known as—the OLD NICK.
His name was Saturn, ere the Pagan fell
Before the Christian creed; and, as I pick
From the old fathers, though it seem ridiculous,
Old Nick and Saturn—are the good St. Nicholas!

LXXXVII.

Old Nick and St. Nick, then, the same ; no wonder
 That Mammon should be found in his employ !
 And thus I've cut this Gordian knot asunder,
 Like Philip's son ! And Mammon, when a boy,
 Seems to have been a cherub ; but the thunder
 Of incens'd Heaven once wrought him sore annoy.
 From morn to noon—from noon to eve, he fell,—
 As Milton says : You know the story well !

LXXXVIII.

And, for his history, I refer you then
 To Milton's works, first book, and thirteenth page ;
 Where, you will find, he first was known to men
 As Mulciber, or Vulcan, in the age
 When Nick was Saturn. But he chang'd again
 After the Christian day ; and, on the stage,
 As Nich'las' servant, made his humble bow.
 So Mammon, Vulcan once, is good St. Johnny now !

LXXXIX.

And so, it seems, poor Mammon went to Hell,
 Like all his followers since ; and there he built
 A palace for King Sathan, as they tell,
 All of pure gold ; but I suspect 'twas gilt !
 For, surely, all the gold that he could sell,
 He never gave away, like water spilt,
 And yielding nought. 'Twas ere he did invent,
 For his good friends, the Jews, stout bonds and ten *per cent.*

XC.

No doubt, he would have taken *lands* in pay ;
But, to Hell's lands, he had as good a right
As Lucifer himself ; and, Rabbins say,
A little better. I believe it, quite :
And well I wot, that, at the present day,
His children own, in those dark realms of night,
More good square acres than the rest together—
Including Sathan's ten good miles of tether.

XCI.

What follow'd after this, I do not know,
And hope I never shall. But I suppose
He cheated all his customers, and so
Was sued by them ; for, as the story goes,
The very devil's self could bear ne moe
Such meanness in his kingdom. Up he rose,
And, not possessing thunderbolts, like Kronion,
He *kick'd* the niggard elf sheer out of Pandemonion.

XCII.

And then he fell to earth, a little lame ;
Lame in his *nose*, as *critics* have found out,
Since he on *Lemnos* fell. But common fame
Declares it was his *leg*, and not his snout.
Then how he liv'd until he chang'd his name,
You've read in Homer's gossip, I've no doubt.
At last he grew quite poor, and all forlorn,
Met Saturn—on the day Christ's pioneer was born.

XCIII.

Confounded, first, each at the other look'd.

Mammon looked mean, and Saturn look'd triumphant :
Saturn stood straight, but Mammon somewhat crook'd—

Cow'ring to earth, as if the dog had some faint
Notion, that Saturn meant to drag him, hook'd

To Tartarus. But—lest you should become faint
Of my long page—he only gave a leer
Infernal : sooty black, Hell's proper sneer !

XCIV.

And said, " Well, this is you, then, I declare !

I haven't seen you for this long, long time ;

And, I observe, you limp ! You had a pair

Of handsome legs !—But, then, that leap sublime !

You cut a funny figure in the air :

As now you must on earth,—for, Mammon, I'm

About disguising me in a new creed,

Which Fate imposes !" Mammon said, " Indeed—

XCV.

If thou be'st he—but, oh, how chang'd, my mate !"

—" Don't call *me* beast,—or *mate* ! Stop trifling thus !

I tell you, there is one just born, of late,

Whose life will be the very death of us,

Since our old altars tremble—cursed fate !

E'en at his coming. He, of Azotus,

Fell down before him once ; and so must we,

Unless 'neath sheep-skins long, our hoofs may hidden be !"

XCVI.

And then, and there, the twain matured a plan
 Of operations, till the hundredth year ;
 Saturn in all attacks to lead the van,
 And Mammon ever to bring up the rear.
 Then, when the century—so call'd by man—
 Should all be spent, both promis'd to appear
 On the same spot ; and make some happy barters,
 Of their old names, for those of saints and martyrs.

XCVII.

So 'twas agreed. They shook their horrid hands,
 As Pilate did, and Herod, afterwards ;
 Then stood a moment, as Apollo stands
 When he lets fly his arrows ; then, like birds,
 Both fly : and Mammon in Judæa lands—
 Saturn, “ where *Calf* looks down upon the *Curds* !”⁷
 What Mammon had to do in Juda—guess !
 If you are ignorant,—I am no less.

XCVIII.

But this I know : A twelve-month from this time
 JUDAS was born !—who sold his Lord, and got
 Some thirty *sous*, and sons to heir his crime :
 The sons have multiplied, the *sous* have not.
 But still the Messieurs Judas gain a dime
 Upon a dollar,—on a crown, a groat ;
 Call'd *brokers* now ; and, in high-sounding firms,
 Feeding, like leeches, on their fellow-worms !

XCIX.

About this time flourish'd the Pharisees !

Great zealots were they, and they paid their tithes :
 Aye, and they compass'd rivers, mountains, seas,
 Earth, fire, and water ; shaving down, like scythes,
 Sin, and fat crops ; the Pagan's faith and fees ;
 Breaking their bands as Samson did his withes ;
 Their life's great end, God's praise—and *merchandise* ;
 Especially this last, or History lies !

C.

But here, my Muse, please grant me leave to say,
 How greatly we're mistaken on this head !
 We have a notion, at the present day,
 That these same Pharisees, who, (prophets said,)
 Were "fools, and blind," were desperately astray,
 And must have been most arrantly misled.
 "What wicked knaves they were ! Most precious villains,
 Out-devilling Bulwer's heroes, and Crebillon's !"

CI.

"They thought themselves so righteous!—Shocking bad!—
 They lov'd establish'd creeds!—Priest-ridden men!—
 They paid church-rates, and tithes!—Oh, raving mad!—
 And wore odd garments!—They were Quakers then?—
 They lov'd chief seats, and greetings!—That is sad!—
 They said a thousand prayers where we say ten!—
 What hypocrites!—They went to church all-weathers,
 And preach'd in markets!—Give them tar-and-feathers!"

CII.

Now, this is all mistake. Their friends would tell
 A diff'rent story. They were men of worth,
 Of *property and standing*,—and liv'd well.

They kept all feasts, and fast-days, and so-forth,
 Especially *the feasts!* To live, and swell

Their bodies to the fulness of their girth,
 Was only but a very venial sin:
 The flesh was fed, but grace was warm within!

CIII.

We have the history of one of them;

Dan Dives call'd, who fed poor Lazarus.
 A very honest man!—that had to stem

Hard times, when he was young, like one of us.
 His earnings came apace, and would condemn

Our present Patent-Railroad-Omnibus
 Accommodation plan of making fortunes!
 —But, “pray no episodes”—the Muse importunes.

CIV.

Dives grew rich by sober, thrifty means,

And gave his honest rental to the Lord;
 Fed on fine wheat, and stock'd with wholesome beans

The neighboring poor—well suited to their board.

“They must not be too nice. The man who gleans

My fields,” said he, “when all my sheaves are stored,
 May bless me e'en for that, and not expect
 Too much from one.” All this was, sure, correct!

CV.

Nor did he drive the sick man from his door ;—
 Ah ! no—the *dogs* were good, and so was he :
They lick'd the poor, starv'd beggar's ev'ry sore,
 And *Dives* sent him crumbs. His misery
 Was oft reliev'd from Madam Dives' store ;
 And e'en the children threw a ha'penny !
 And when the beggar died, good Dives said,
 With pity in his eye, "*Poor devil*, is he dead !"

CVI.

Some say this Dives was a Saducee !
 If so, I've been mistaken. I don't care ;
 I find myself mistaken—so did he !
 He died, and left his money to his heir,
 Expecting that his death his end would be,—
 And giving up his body to be fare
 For worms. The Scriptures say he was mistaken.
 False faith, tho' all sincere, will never "save one's bacon !"

CVII.

Yet all his life was very justifiable ;
 And Dives, were he living in our day,
 Would never be, by judge or jury, try-able,
 But keep a nice four-story in Broadway.
 Yet, that *somewhat was wrong*, is undeniable ;
 For follow out his fate :—The Scriptures say
 This Dives "lifted up his eyes—in Hell !"
 —Can any one inform how this befell ?

CVIII.

I say, had Dives lived in eighteen hundred,
And "*had the same advantages as we,*"
He would have been quite orthodox, nor blunder'd
'Gainst the dread creed of penal misery :
—A Presbyterian—but the sect is sunder'd,—
A staunch Episcopalian Pharisee,
With Saducees and Methodists at variance !
—The Saducees now hail as Unitarians !

CIX.

And then, this Dives would have said his prayers,
And been, in all things, a most honest man :
Quite pious, when,—quite free from week-day cares,—
He rose on Sundays, and his vows began ;
He would have lived perhaps to hoary hairs,
Spite of his wine ! And, as his race he ran,
He would have done some pretty things, and clever,
And died "in hope of happiness forever !"

CX.

In fine, should Dives die in these our times,
The public would bewail their dreadful loss !
The clergy would acquit him of all crimes,
And kindly would his peccadilloes gloss.
Religious papers would come out in rhymes,
" His treasures to his virtues were but dross !"
The Churchman and Observer would be very
Pathetic, too, in their obituary !

CXL.

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CXII.

Then he'd wind up with dash and exclamation,
 Informing us that "Dives, in his will,
 Had left undoubted proofs of his salvation,"
 In *all the products of his cotton-mill*,
 Bequeath'd *in trust* to him!! to free the nation
 From those two million negroes, that are still
 Feeding on us—the lazy, dingy rascals :
 E'en greater pests than Kendalls, or Job Haskells!

CXIII.

But papers, now-a-days, as Cobbett said,
 Would weep their loss, if Satan's self should die!
 "Most shocking news!—Alas, the Devil's dead!
 We hope the rumor may turn out a lie!"
 Or, if they did not, when the news was read,
 His num'rous sons, bereav'd, with tearful eye,
 Would call with—"Well, sir, 'tis a pretty caper!
 Insult our father! Villain! stop my paper!"

CXIV.

Thou, too!—*nay*, rather *you two* who do edit
 Another well-baptized *Commercial Journal*—
 Who do not “*buy* the truth,” but have the credit
 Of “*selling* it” at clever gains—(I learn all
 The items of town-talk, and eke have read it)—
 I say you, too, would weep! And though the infernal
 Slaughter of Lovejoy drew no tears, but *smiles*!
 You’d weep, should *DRIVES* die, ye crocodiles!

CXV.

First, you would say—“We learn that he has given
 A million to his little heirs—’tis well!
 Five hundred more, to have his body driven,
 In a deck’d hearse, to church, and “make a swell!”
 This last alone should rest his soul in Heaven!
Something to us!—This keeps him out of Hell!
 And THOUSANDS towards extinguishing the taint
 Of *having blacks among us*!—Precious saint!”

CXVI.

Such is the church, alas! in these our days;
 And many a Christian is a Pharisee,
 Who shuns the closet where the humble prays,
 And sounds a trumpet, that we all may be
 Acquainted with His self-denying ways,
 And learn, of *Him*, all evil lusts to flee.
 Such are too many, who with lips adore
 The Christian’s God!—in heart, like those of yore,

CXVII.

Still bowing down to Mammon! Ay, the clergy,^s
 Who boast their wealth *above*, and, gravely sage,
 Cease not, on Sundays, to exhort and urge ye,
 May, upon week-days, all their might engage—
 Not to help Sion, and from lusts to purge ye;
 But to keep up the *speculation* rage,
 And palm off bubble building-lots in—Texas!
Vide, the puffs with which the papers vex us!

CXVIII.

Then, as for those most worthy men, the laity,
 They have unbounded right to cheat and shave,
 If only, when their note is due, they pay it ye!
 And upon fast-days look demure and grave.
 They must not spend the wealth they get—in gaiety,
 But, *in the colonizing of the slave!!*
 —’Tis such a *charity* to ship *the niggers*,
 Who, in our churches, cut such ugly figures!

CXIX.

For they have found a patent rail-road plan
 Of doing all their duty, and of still
 Keeping themselves as quiet as they can!
 They look on persecution as a *pill*,
 And as by no means “the chief end of man”—
 Wholesome, perhaps, if wicked times, and ill,
 Assail the church; but as a grand ingredient
 Of Christian life, by all means—*inexpedient!*

CXX.

Such are, alas, the Christians of the day!

And such, too many priests of lowly Jesus!

Oh, ye blind guides, who keep the truth away,

Get you a golden calf, and pray with Crœsus!

Or, rather, serve no more these things of clay,

Nor, for false doctrine, annually fleece us!

I speak not unto all!—But there are some

Will wince, when this they read! To such These Presents
come!

CXXI.

And this is all through Mammon—*here*, at last!

As I have said before. He kept his vow;

And, when that guilty century was past,

Once more to Saturn made his humble bow.

Saturn said, “Come, don’t be a saint too fast!

I must employ you as my ’prentice now:

You’re a good workman, and I want to use you;

And since you offer, sure, I won’t refuse you!”

CXXII.

Now, Mammon never *offer’d*; but he *fear’d*,

And so became his valet, and his lacquey.

Together, thro’ long centuries they steer’d,

Mammon still acting as his master’s blackey,

And patronizing the poor Jews, who (clear’d

From Palestine) negociated *pacquets*,

And bills, and such like! Mammon, too, had play-days;

And then he made—bulls, councils, and armadas.

CXXIII.

And he had frolics, too ; and soon was seen,
 —Child of his lust—the fiend-born Slavery !
 Monster more curst than Polypheme, I ween ;
 Medusa's head, a Fury's heart, and she
 More cruel than Erynnys ! Since, have been
 None like her, but her sons ! Accursed be
 The hour, when Mammon, more accursed, brought her
 O'er the stain'd sea, and planted here—his daughter.

CXXIV.

And Mammon carried, as his badge of office,
 In Saturn's train, a staff yclep'd a bident.
 This he was forc'd to shoulder ; and his scoff is,
 That now, as he's a Saint, and haply lighten'd
 Of the sad load, this circumstance enough is,
 To give it him once more, a little brighten'd,
 Upon his flag, emblazon'd with bright dross,
 And 'neath, the scroll, "ST. JONATHAN'S RED CROSS !"

CXXV.

This cross is pretty ; like his friend, St. George's ;
 Far handsomer than Andrew's ; and *his own* !
 He recommends it for a flag, and urges
 The Texians to adopt it ; and has shown,
 That *Red* has a nice reference to scourges
 And slavery. I think it can have none,
 And therefore recommend it. It is nigh
 The model of a pitch-fork, or a Y.

CXXVI.

In course of time—*quod vide* in your histories—
Holland emerg'd, all glorious, from the mud ;
And Russia, too, which, doubtless, her twin sister is,
At length began to bourgeon, and to bud.
Then, too, began to open other mysteries,
And holy names the calendar 'gan stud !
And there St. Nicholas was soon enroll'd,
With Mammon for his squire. The rest is told.

CXXVII.

ST. JONATHAN is here at last ! but goes
By a plain title,—more republican !
He suits himself to all ; and, in plain prose,
Is but the Yankee, Brother Jonathan—
True brother to John Bull ; and, as he grows,
He takes his brother's manners, one by one ;
But still supports the national democracy,
Against young sneering bloods, with poetry and hock crazy.

CXXVIII.

And here, St. Jonathan doth live at ease ;
For when he first determin'd here to settle,
He travers'd the whole country by degrees,
And took the nation, like a man of mettle.
In Northern States he manufactur'd cheese
Out of white-oak, and mustard out of nettle,
Flints out of horn, and nutmegs out of wood ;
And so the people thriv'd, grew rich—and good ?

CXXIX.

But in the South he fix'd his chief dominion,
 Where his chief work was raising rice and negroes ;
 Besides, he forg'd out fetter, chain, and pinion,
 And handcuffs, too, for locking slaves in thick rows ;
 Whips, too, he made, which ev'ry little minion
 Of his curst daughter sways, and makes to dig rows
 In the scarr'd backs of those, whose blood and pain
 Manure the hell-born harvest of their cane !

CXXX.

He has the tact of shuffling on the coil
 Of mortal Nature, when and where he pleases.
 Now he is in Nantucket, making oil,—
 And now, in Hartford, selling white-oak cheeses ;
 And then, again, he's found on Southern soil !
 He comes and goes, like fogs upon the breezes,
 None knowing how ! And, when it is as dark as
 Egypt, at night, he doffs and dons his carcass !

CXXXI.

“ A stranger has appear'd in town,” they say ;
 “ A goodish looking fellow, with a cough :
 Quite a mysterious chap !” He stays a day,
 And then they find his corpse—but *he* is off !
 Another fellow, then, is seen, away
 Some thousand miles ! ’Tis he, the same ! Like “ Goff,
 Or Whalley, or the Devil,” he is there,—
 Here—far away—in Georgia—ev'ry where !

CXXXII.

If ever you should find a carcass, quiz it!
 'Tis very likely his. He has his home
 Somewhere or other: Who can tell *where is it?*
 And when he takes it in his head to roam,
 He leaves the family to make a visit;
 But does it in the way I've told. My tome
 Concludes with this! In my succeeding present,
 I'll bring you to the South's savannas pleasant.

CXXXIII.

Aye, to those fair savannas: made, 'twould seem,
 For Eden's twin; where mourn the Helot race!
 Where the bright gold mine flashes back the beam
 Of the sweet sky; and bondsmen bow their face!
 Where the broad rivers pour a silver stream;
 But human fountains dye the waves a space!
 Where all their fields are white with mimic snow,
 But whirlwinds scent afar the blood that smokes below!

CXXXIV.

My canto's done! Farewell till next we meet!
 There is a sorrow in that sound—farewell!
 It hath sad music, when the sounds repeat
 The lov'd one's wish; loving, and lov'd as well!
 A more than wind-harp melody; that, sweet,
 Lingers i' th' ear, and in the heart doth dwell!
 "Ay, marry! But thus bored with your dull riddle,"
 You say, perhaps, "'tis merry as a fiddle!"

CXXXV.

Then be it so! If, holding up to Nature
 A mirror true, I shock you, and enrage:
 You're only angry at your own vile feature,
 While, you suppose, you're storming at my page.
 Farewell, dear reader! kind, good-natured creature!
 Grow wise, grow good, grow patient, and be sage!
 For, in my following canto, I may bring you
 To a whole hive of sweets—that yet may sting you!

CXXXVI.

Farewell! For now—his hero well install'd—
 The bard defers what else he hath to say.
 The bard!—but, really, I should be call'd
 Something less sounding in my rhymes to-day!
 Well, then, no bard, an' please you,—but a Scald!
 And this, dear reader, is a Scaldic lay!
 Now, *Scald*,—and this I mention for reviewers,—
 Meaneth a kind of minstrel, good Messieurs!

CXXXVII.

But, **POSTSCRIPT!** I don't mean to be review'd!
 And, therefore, I forbid all publications,
 (Having for their design “the public good,”
 And “coming quarterly,”) in future rations,
 To dish me up at all. 'Tis understood,
 I hope, by all who fill those mighty stations!
 E'en my New-York Review is not exempt:
 'Twill please preserve “*a dignified contempt.*”

CXXXVIII.

The journals will accept my private thanks,
 And advertise this peremptory notice ;
 Their bills will all be settled at the banks ;
 And this last stanza just the one to quote is.
 Please hand them in ere August, (filled in blanks,)
 For then the Samson—which a mighty boat is—
 Is charter'd to convey me from the country :
 I can't back out, without too much effront'ry.

CXXXIX.

My object in embarking, is to make
 Arrangements with the Anglian Reviews,
 And Blackwood's, and the Edinburgh, to take
 In their especial care my humble Muse.
 When I come back, perchance, for pity's sake,
 I'll hear my dear New-Yorker—if I choose.
 Meantime, of course, 'twill be advised, and wait
 Till better judges settle on my fate.

CXL.

'Twould not be modest for my tender brothers
 To speak of me before a wiser cousin !
 That's right, my little fellows ! wait for others !
 You're learning manners : pray, don't put your nose in !
 The English are, in every thing, our mothers ;
 And if our land bears Irvings by the dozen,
 Or Coopers—they must all be suckled there ;
 While these unneeded midwives stand and stare !

CXLI.

West fled us, and drew monarchs. Had he staid,
He might have gilded tavern-signs! And Morse,
Had he but left his country, would have made
A name for her to boast, and *claim*—of course!
As 'tis, how ill they treat him! I'm afraid
He has been throwing pearls before a—horse!
Unjust alike in praising, or in blame,
Genius we kill, and blast our heirs of fame!

CXLI.

Ah me! for I, myself, have been unjust,
To Halleck's harp, and Bryant's!—bards, indeed,
Well worthy of the lyre, the laurell'd bust,
The people's plaudit, and the poet's meed.
Oh, blame not them! The lucre and the lust
Of the cold world, lets e'en its laureates bleed!
And, were my mood as meek, this soul of mine
Were theirs who stife song, and drown the dream divine.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

NOTES.



NOTES.

I.

ST. I. 1.] *So began thy lay, &c.*

Θέλω λέγειν Ἀρπίδα. Ode I. I give what the Fourth Form boys would call a *free translation*.

II.

ST. XV. 8.] *Where men, Verini-like, have died, &c.*

Verini sacrificed himself to his virtue.

Denique, præceptis cunctorum sensibus, omnes
Huc veniunt, atque hæc mens fuit una viris;
Non posse extremæ hunc tempus sperare juventæ,
Gaudia percipiat ni tua, pulchra Venus!
Res miranda quidem, rara, et per sæcula visa,
Exemplum in puero tale pudicitiae:
Qui vitæ sanctum potuit præferre pudorem,
Viveret ut semper, tunc voluisse mori.—*Landino*.

III.

ST. XVIII. 8.] *As God himself should die.*

The life and death of Socrates were those of a sage; the life and death of Jesus Christ were those of a God.—*Rousseau*.

IV.

ST. XIX. 1.] *Like a self-torturing fury died Voltaire, &c.*

Dr. Tronchin, his physician, declared that the furies of Orestes were nothing to his.

V.

ST. XXXIV. 6.] "*The fitch.*"

Id est, of bacon! given to a pair who had been married a twelve-month without scolding! See the whole story, with an account of the marvellous few that merited it, in Nos. 607 and 608 of the Spectator.

VI.

ST. XLI. 8.] *I yield like Solomon.*

Thou hast ravish'd my heart with one of thine eyes.—*Canticles.*

VII.

ST. XCVII. 6.] "*Where Calf looks down upon the Kurds.*"

An amended reading of Byron's—

"Where Kaff looks down upon the Kurds."

VIII.

ST. CXVII. 1.] *The Clergy, &c.*

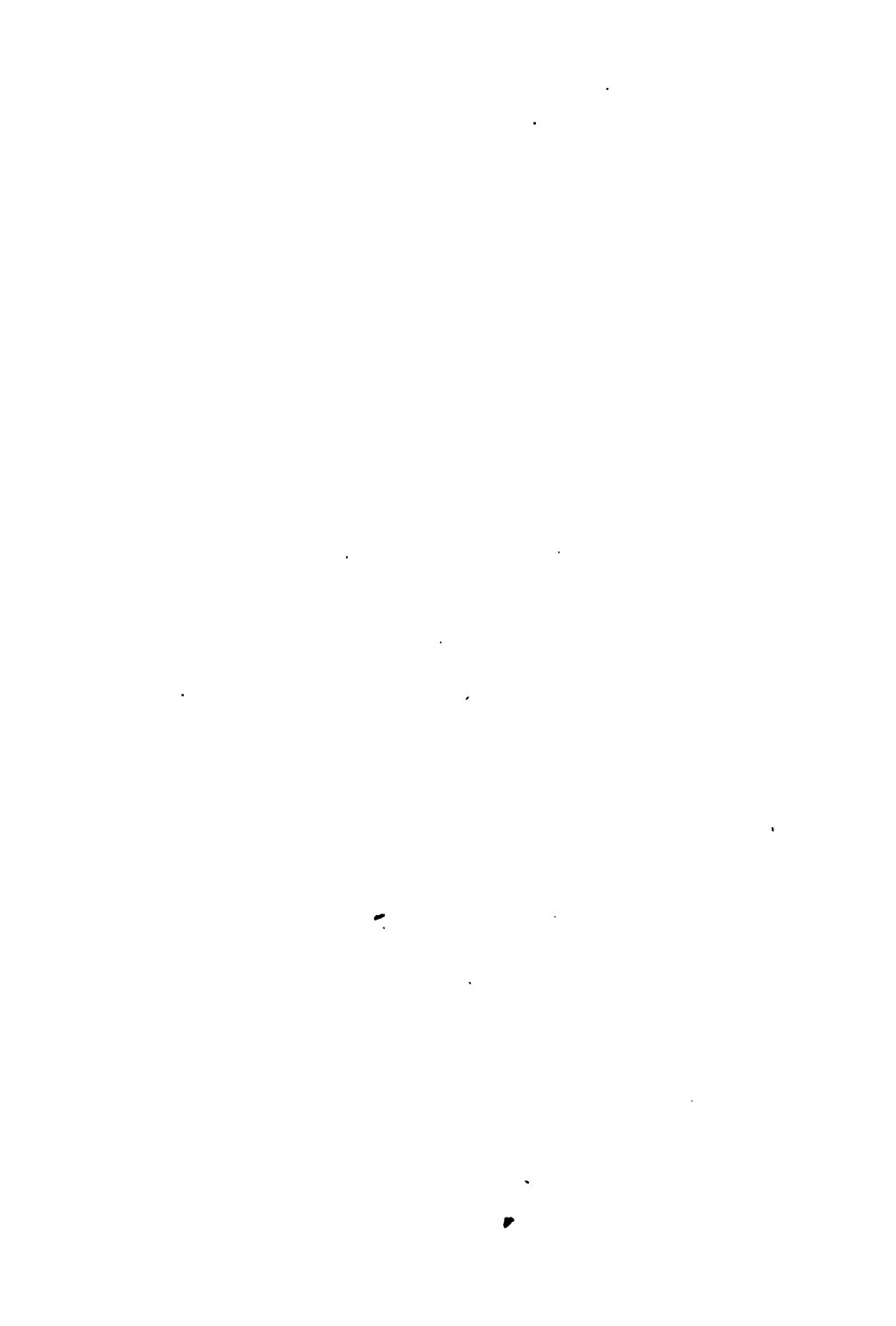
Let none suppose that these stanzas are in any wise designed to favor the miserable anarchical prejudice of a paltry class of disorganizers, who, in two hemispheres, are making their onset against all religion by an outcry against the clergy. In treating, allegorically, of the influence of Mammon on our national character, I could not, in honesty, overlook its effect on the pulpit; and though, like Cow-

per, I feel that I am touching a holy thing, I fear I am only too just in my remarks. To say nothing of the universal enslavement of the American pulpit on the subject of Slavery, it is a fact that the charges here preferred have been, in a measure, true. During the times of the Speculation bubble, many of the cloth allowed themselves to engage pretty heartily in worldly matters, and the building of *air castles* not only, but eke of *air cities*, and, for aught I know, of *kingdoms*, which were not the kingdom of Heaven! This was done by the clergy of more names than one, and, at least, in one instance, to the so great scandal of the Church, as to call for diocesan interference.

Nevertheless, such is the author's contempt for the Infidel outcry against the clergy, that he is desirous, even thus awkwardly, of exculpating himself from any appearance of fellowship with them. The American clergy are more important to its existence as a Republic than all its legislators! That virtue which, all agree, is the only bulwark of a popular government, has no such defenders as the clergy. What we have most to fear, is, lest the Almighty should resent our national irreverence for his ambassadors, and recall them from the land where their blood is poured out unavenged, leaving us to the tender mercies of the serpent which ourselves are nourishing.

* * * The Author notices that the Publishers have thought proper to substitute a constellation of their own for one of his less sparkling stanzas. He begs leave to assure the public, that, as he is himself no friend of fragments, and had purposed never resorting to this silly trick of those who show their wit by hiatus, he will fill up the blank either with the original stanza, or a better—in *future editions!*

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